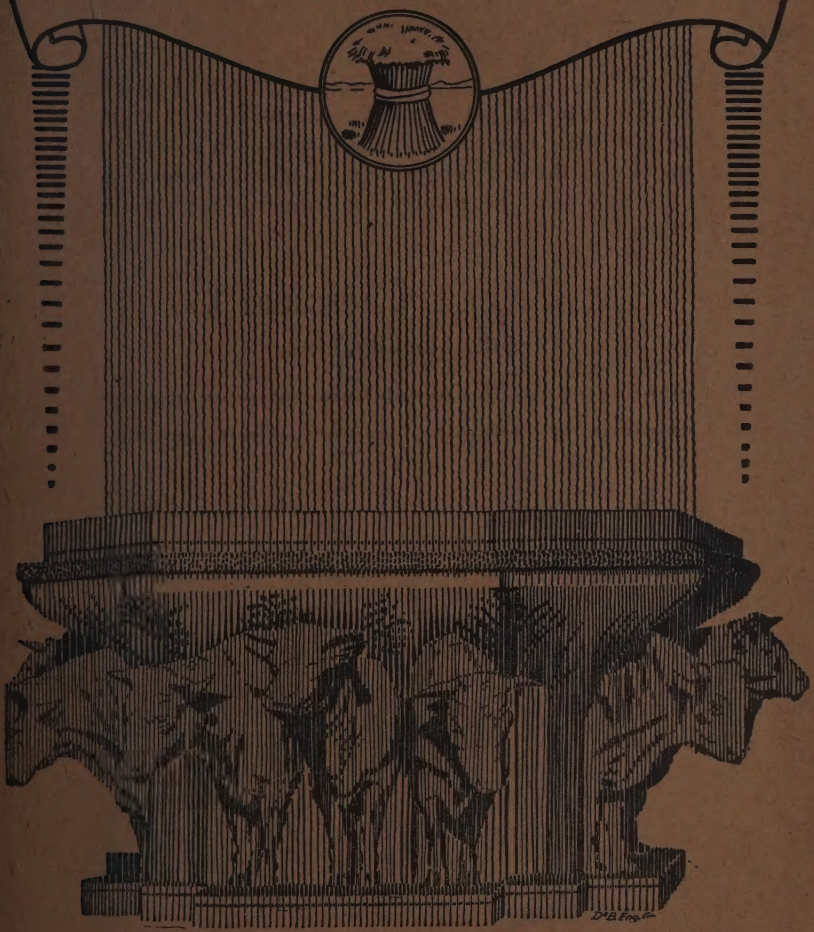
THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE



ORGAN OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY
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AUGUST, 1920

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The Relief Society Magazine

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EULOGY TO EMMELINE B. WELLS (Sonnet)

O. F. Ursenbach.

How I recall, in those fond erstwhile days,
A sweet kind face, my dear old mother's friend;
Though but a lad I, when she won my praise,
To see her muse, blessed life with nature blend,
A child with children, friend to the oppressed,
Yet honored by the mightiest of men;
Few souls with like congenial powers are blessed,
To deal with kings, then lowly life again.
Now, snows of many winters blanche her brow;
Though ninety-two long years of mortal strife
Have aged her frame, her spirit, even now,
Presents each day a more majestic life.
May her declining years be decked with peace,
And may her soul live on and never cease.

RELIEF SOCIETY CLASS IN CHARITIES AND RELIEF WORK.

Brigham Young University Summer School, 1920. Class instructors in center front, from left to right: Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary Relief Society; Prof. John C. Swenson, Prof. of Sociology and Economics, B. Y. University;

THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. VII. August, 1920 No. 8

Class in Charities and Relief Work

Brigham Young University Summer School.

Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman

At the joint call of the general authorities of the Church, the Social Advisory Committee of the Church, and the General Board of Relief Society, through the stake authorities, sixty-eight Relief Society women from sixty-five stakes assembled at the Brigham Young University, in Provo, on May 31, for a regular six weeks' intensive course in charities and relief work.

With two other groups similarly called, for training in social and recreation leadership, and teacher-training, respectively, there were in all two hundred fifteen special students for these special courses, in addition to the regular college students, numbering two hundred.

In order that the course might be completed before the great N. E. A., to be held in Salt Lake City on July 3-10, classes were held on Saturday, making a six-day school week, for five weeks.

In the Relief Society Department, there were representatives from Canada, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Arizona, and Mexico. In this group were eight Relief Society stake presidents, five stake counsellors, eight stake secretaries, one stake treasurer, twenty-nine stake board members, four ward presidents, three ward secretaries, one ward chorister, one religion class supervisor, two Relief Society teachers, and six members. Among them were: one great grandmother, sixteen grandmothers, forty-three mothers, and ten unmarried members. There were sixteen between the age of twenty and thirty; sixteen between thirty and forty; twenty between forty and fifty; thirteen between fifty and sixty, and three over sixty years of age.

The course in charities and relief was given under the supervision of the Social Advisory Committee of the Church.

It was under the direct charge of the General Board of Relief Society, with Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary of the Relief Society, and Mrs. Annie D. Palmer, second counsellor in the Utah stake Relief Society, and secretary of the Community Welfare Department of the Utah stake Relief Society, acting as class teachers. The course in sociology was given by Professor John C. Swenson, of the Brigham Young University. Mrs. Inez Knight Allen, president of Utah stake Relief Society, gave lectures and discussed practical relief methods that have been worked out in her stake.

The object of the course was to increase the general efficiency of family work in the Relief Society with a special view of broadening and improving the charity work of this great organization.

The course consisted of: Sociology, in which the fundamentals of family life were discussed, Professor Swenson; Brief History of Charity Work; Modern Methods of Family Rehabilitation, including a study of Normal Family Life, the Unstable Family, and definite methods of approach and procedure in family work; a seminar, in which specific family problems were discussed; literature of family social work in which the regularly required reading was reported and discussed; special lecture course, including subjects related to family and community life, and the best means of overcoming existing social difficulties. These lectures were given by prominent lecturers and specialists.

Visits to several institutions in the state were made by the entire class, for the purpose of studying problems of feeble mindedness, insanity, delinquency, dependency, and infirmity, with their causes and treatment. At each of these institutions lectures were given, as follows: State Industrial School, Ogden, Supt. E. S. Hinckley; State Mental Hospital, Provo, Dr. Hyde, superintendent; Community Clinic, Salt Lake City, Mrs. Avery; Neighborhood House, Salt Lake City, Miss Ellen Taylor; Salt Lake County Infirmary and Hospital, Supt. Orson Allen.

A special feature of this course was the series of lectures by Edward T. Devine, of New York, who is one of the greatest American authorities on social service work. His book, "Normal Life," had been a part of the required reading, and his visit to the class room gave the personal touch that emphasized and vitalized its discussions.

Toward the close of the term, part of a day was set aside for special chapel exercises, when the general authorities of the Church, including the members of all of the gen-

eral boards, were special guests of the B. Y. U. Summer School. Three members from each of the special groups called to take courses, were asked to give two-minute speeches on what the work had meant to them. Mrs. Bessie G. Hale, of Boise stake, Mrs. Ruth Hilton of Blackfoot stake, and Mrs. Inez H. Lee of St. Joseph stake, very ably represented the Relief Society class, giving in a few words, what to each of them were the important features of the summer's work.

The Utah stake Relief Society gave a delightful social and lawn party in honor of the Relief Society class, at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Knight. The home, with the spacious lawn, had been tendered for the purpose, and the members of the class were delighted with the privilege of meeting Brother and Sister Knight, and of spending an evening in their attractive home.

The teachers of the course, with the Utah stake board, arranged for an afternoon's outing for the class at Spring Dell, in Provo canyon, where a visit was made to the Y. L. M. I. A. Summer Camp for girls, and to the attractive canyon homes of President and Mrs. George H. Brimhall, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Knight, and Mr. and Mrs. Lester Mangum, which had been thrown open to them. Supper was served on the grass plot at Spring Dell.

At the close of the course, the members of the Relief Society class presented their teachers with beautifully bound books of poems, Mrs. Sarah A. Farr, the senior member of the class, making the presentation speech.

At the request of Superintendent Adam Bennion, committees were selected from students of each of the special courses, Relief and Charities, Recreation Leadership, and Teacher Training, to make recommendations with regard to how the work given at the summer school, might be carried back to the respective stakes and wards. Mrs. Laura J. Adamson, president of Blaine stake, was chosen chairman of the Relief Society committee on recommendations.

With the exception of two or three who entered the class late, all of those registered passed the examination successfully, and the members of the class who asked to be considered for college credit, were successful in receiving credit to the amount of six hours on a regular college course.

Stakes were represented as follows: Alberta, Annia D. Snow; Alpine, Mary Cooper, Elizabeth J. Durrant; Bannock, Myrtle McGregor; Bear Lake, Ada Mathews; Bear River, Della Marriott; Beaver, Elizabeth Mumford; Benson, Miss Rae Miles; Big Horn, Alice Wardell; Bingham, Exie Soelberg; Blackfoot, Ruth Hillam; Blaine, Laura J. Adamson; Boise,

Bessie Hale; Box Elder, Ellen B. Valentine; Burley, M. E. McKibben; Carbon, Mary E. Pace; Cassia, Fanny Garringe; Cottonwood, Rachel Shepherd; Curlew, Inez R. Haws; Deseret, Alice L. Gardner; Duchesne, Lucreatia M. Evans; Emery, Leva Luke; Ensign, Cecelia Barker; Fremont, Ada H. Walker; Granite, Agnes M. Bolto; Hyrum, Lovisa Allen; Idaho, Clover M. Kelly; Jordon, Connie Lovett; Juab, Unity Chappell; Juarez, Maggie I. Bently; Malad, Martha S. Holbrook; Maricopa, Hazel D. Vance, Emma Rollins; Montpelier, Agnes Pearce; Morgan, Daisy Crouch; Nebo, Ada K. Jackman; North Davis, Cecil Harris; North Sanpete, Ellis Coombs; North Weber, O. M. Drumiler; Ogden, Lucile Foulger; Oneida, Alveretta Engar; Pioneer, Mrs. Mamie Forbes; Pocatello, Maria Hyde; Portneuf, Sarah A. Farr; Rigby, Mary A. Nelson; Salt Lake, Elizabeth C. Williams; San Juan, Margaret Perkins; San Luis, Martha Haskell; Sevier, Loretta Robinson; Shelley, Minda M. Cutler; Snowflake, Thalia Kartchner; South Davis, Rose J. Knowlton; South Sanpete, Sarah Tooth; Star Valley, Gladys B. Gardner; St. George, Josephine Miles; St. Johns, Joyce Udall; St. Joseph, Inez H. Lee; Summit, Margaret E. Pack; Teton, Hannah G. Hegstead; Tintic, Zina Fuller; Twin Falls, Ann Roberts; Uintah, Zina Searle; Utah, Henrietta Smart, Mrs. George E. Whitehead; Wasatch, Lily L. Duke; Wayne, Tirza Hansen; Weber, Agnes H. Stevens; Woodruff, Violet Gerard.

A Vacation and a Ragbag

Clara S. Fagergren.

Mrs. Jones leaned her tired body heavily against the kitchen door, and watched the children running down the garden path in their haste to get to school on time. When they were out of sight and their shouting and laughter could no longer be heard, she sank down wearily on the doorstep, wiping the beads of perspiration from her prematurely aged countenance and heaved an audible sight of relief, murmuring:

"It seems too good to be true! They are really off to school for the last time! Tomorrow is the beginning of their vacation and I'll not be forced to hurry them off spick and span promptly on the strike of the clock!"

What a relief in knowing that the hustle and bustle and

agonizing hurry of getting the children ready for school could be dispensed with for the rest of the summer! No more hurried ironing at the last moment of a needed dress or a blouse- The horror of seeing hastily swallowed breakfasts and the frenzied throwing together of school luncheons would not have to be endured for a long interval. She would not have to listen to their bickering and disputes over who should be the first to use the wash basin and the comb, for three whole months! Could this really be true? Mrs. Jones closed her eyes from sheer exhaustion; she was too tired to think coherently, and she allowed herself the luxury of complete relaxation of body and mind.

Her rest was brief, however. Startled she opened her eyes on hearing the postman's whistle outside the gate. Rising stiffly to her feet she stalked slowly down the garden path, receiving stolidly the letter which the carrier tossed her. When holding it in her hand, however, she could not repress the feeling of curiosity and inward foreboding that an unopened letter always caused her to have. A letter was a rare event in Mrs. Jones' placid life; it meant either a marriage or a death, and either happening incurred unnecessary expenses.

A glance at the return address informed Mrs. Jones that the letter was sent by her sister-in-law who lived in the nearby city. Walking slowly back to the house she opened it, reading the brief, business-like note through two, three, times, before being able to comprehend its meaning.

On reaching the doorstep she crumped down in a heap as it were; a low moan escaped her parched lips and her eyes stared glassily at the letter which she read again for the fourth time, hoping against hope that it might prove to be a mere hallucination; that her hazy mind might be deceiving her. Yet the contents of the letter was neither exiting nor calamitous; only a brief message, which read:

"Dear Jane:—We have decided to spend our vacation with you this summer. The boys need out-of-door exercise and country air after their long confinement in the schoolroom. The summer resorts are not to our liking, consequently, we have voted unanimously to make the most of your farm. We shall, of course, pay our share of the living expenses. We hope to be with you the very first day of vacation. Love to all, from your sister,

"Anna Short."

The unwelcome missive dropped unheeded to the ground and Mrs. Jones bowed her tired head into her gnarled hands and actually wept; the tears trickling slowly through her

fingers and dropping on her checked gingham apron. Her sobs shook her lean body while rebellious and self-pitying thoughts crossed her mind. She might have known something would happen to interfere with her plans of getting a little rest! Instead of getting meals and doing washing and ironing for six, there would be—let's see—Anna and three boys,—ten people to wait on. Those city people were no hands to pitch in and help with the work! All they did was to lie in the shade and read novels all day long and, of course, attend their meals. If this plan of spending vacation on the farm uninvited wasn't just like the doings of a sister-in-law! But here she was wasting precious time! Extra people meant extra work.

The spare bedrooms needed cleaning. She must do some baking, too. The early June day was getting unbearably warm; she was forced into doing all this extra work in the heat on account of unbidden guests, but Jane Jones was not the woman on whom a city sister-in-law should pass criticism, she soliloquised bitterly.

Rousing herself with an effort Mrs. Jones began the self-imposed work grimly and determinedly. Such sweeping and dusting. Such washing of windows and hanging of clean curtains. Such cake and pie baking,—thank goodness she didn't have to be saving with food. A lot of vegetables always spoiled in the garden and milk was fed to the pigs. Such scrubbing of floors and steps,—all these preparations were done mechanically and listlessly without one welcoming thought for the expected guests.

"There only remains one more thing for me to do," thought Mrs. Jones, ruefully, late that evening, while frosting cakes in the solitude of the roomy and old-fashioned pentry, "and that is to make my will." After ninety days of this hard work I shall be a dead woman. She finally crept wearily off to bed only to be disturbed in her fitful sleep by phantasmagorics in which she saw herself enacting the role of the wandering Jew; always on her feet; never taking any rest, but for everlastingly working and fussing for other people.

The Jones's family were up betimes the next morning,—the children curious and eager to make the acquaintance of their city cousins; the mother, worried and nervous for fear of having left any work undone that might offend the sight of her sister-in-law. Everything seemed to be in readiness, however, the youngsters were uncomfortable in stiffly starched dresses and blouses, and Mrs. Jones herself was arrayed in her new pongee silk waist which made her sallow

cheeks look ever more colorless and sunken than when she wore her everyday gingham.

Promptly at twenty minutes after ten, an automobile loaded to the guards with boxes and bundles of miscallaneous sizes, and in the center of which four smiling faces looked eagerly about, stopped at the front door. Then followed a hurried scrambling and unloading of luggage. Mrs. Jones tried to say some cordial words of welcome but she felt bashful and confused. A strong hand clasped hers, understandingly, however, and she found herself looking into a pair of comprehending brown eyes.

Mrs. Short interrupted her dispirited effort at speech-making, saying cheerfully and wholeheartedly: "I'm sure it's more than kind of you to take us in on such short notice. We'll try not to be too much trouble for you. The boys have promised faithfully to do their share of the work, in return for which they want the privilege of pitching camp in the old orchard. Don't be afraid to put me to work, either. I'm used to all kinds of work. I know I shall enjoy every minute of my stay on this beautiful place."

Somehow or other Mrs. Jones felt considerably relieved after meeting the dreaded visitor. Frankly speaking, she felt at home with her. She made a feeble attempt at relieving the other woman of some of her numerous bundles, but her sister-in-law kindly but firmly refused her offer.

"Here, Ned," she called to one of her khaki-clad boys, "take mother's things into her room. The others may remove the camping outfit and provisions to the orchard. Get your stove ready and show your cousins your skill at cooking dinner. Keep busy for the rest of the day and don't bother us women because we wish to have a little time to ourselves in which to visit and talk over olden times."

The youngsters gathered up the designated boxes and bundles with alacrity, and disappeared among the shrubbery of the orchard with much shouting and laughing. Mrs. Jones had a feeling that amounted to almost happiness at the thought of not having the crowd of noisy children around the house, hindering and annoying her. Mrs. Short after changing her dress and shoes, came into the ample kitchen which also served as the diningroom, picked up a panful of green peas and entertained her hostess with newsy gossip of the city while shelling them.

The country woman unconsciously unburdened her pent-up mind of many little problems which until now had remained unuttered and kept silent for want of an appreciative listener. By the time the noon-dinner had been eaten and

Mr. Jones—a tall, lank farmer—had gone back to the fields, the two women were chatting and confiding one to the other on the most intimate terms. The children were left to their own devices. "They'll never stop eating till they've had enough," the visitor said knowingly. "My boys often prepare their own meals and enjoy the experiments exceedingly. I've cautioned them not to waste food, and to clean their dishes and put everything in order after they get through eating."

To her surprise Mrs. Jones found that she had the afternoon free and to herself after her sister-in-law's co-operation with the dishes and a few preparations for a cold supper. "We seldom eat anything but bread and milk for supper," the visitor informed her. "If you can spare us the milk we'll be more than satisfied." Mrs. Jones thought of the gallons of good milk that was being fed to the pigs and hastened to assure Mrs. Short that the question of milk need not bother her.

It was a long time since Mrs. Jones had time to lie down for an afternoon nap. On this day, however, she relaxed her tired body, exhausted after her strenuous exertions of the day before, and slept soundly and restfully for two whole hours. She awakened refreshed in mind and body and after plunging her face into cold water and combing her scanty hair into a nearly becoming style, slipped on a comfortable house dress, feeling invigorated and almost like a new woman.

The city cousins insisted on sleeping in the dog tent which they had pitched under the spreading branches of a giant apple tree, at the far end of the orchard. Mrs. Short readily gave her consent to the proposition. Mrs. Jones was finally persuaded into giving in to her own boys' clamoring that they, too, be allowed to sleep out-of-doors. She had always been afraid of bugs and crawling things. The boys had until now slept up in the attic where it was stifling hot and musty, but where she felt they were protected. The boys went back into the orchard in high spirits, equipped with extra bedding and provisions for breakfast which they were to prepare and eat in regular camping style.

Mr. Jones appeared at the breakfast table the next morning with a worried expression on his otherwise beaming countenance. His wife anxiously inquired if the hired man had asked for an increase of pay, or, worse still, served notice to quit. The farmer shook his grizzled head dolefully, and said between mouthfuls of ham and eggs:

"No, Hiram is working and seems satisfied. The trouble is, I wish I could hire more help for the next two or three weeks. The sugar beets need thinning. It's next to im-

possible to hire extra help at this busy time and unless those beets are attended to within a certain time the crop will be a failure."

The city visitor became visibly interested. "Why don't you put our boys to work on those beets?" she inquired impulsively. "Thinning beets is good exercise. Furthermore, any kind of out-of-door work is healthful and gives these youngsters a good appetite. Don't worry over extra help when those boys are just aching to get rid of their surplus energy."

Mr. Jones's clouded face brightened instantaneously. "Do you really think they would work in those beets?" he asked joyously. "I don't want to interfere with their vacation, but if they'll help me out I'll be only too glad to pay them the regular price for thinning beets."

"I'll manage the boys," said Mrs. Short, confidently. "The work shall begin tomorrow in the beetfield. I'll give a special prize to the boy who can accomplish the most work. There's nothing that stimulates a boy's mind as much as the promise of a new baseball."

A week later, after the beet-thinning had been completed to the satisfaction of Mr. Jones and the great pride of the boys who had earned a neat sum of money, Mrs. Short came in from the garden carrying a big pailful of early string beans. "I never saw so many beans in my life!" she panted. "Why don't you can some for winter use?"

Mrs. Jones, who was churning butter on the back porch, looked up wearily and straightened her bent back before replying: "When would I get time to can vegetables? It is more than I can manage to tend to the fruit. We use the vegetables while they're fresh and feed the rest to the pigs."

Mrs. Short determinedly and swiftly picked over the beans while a plan was fermenting in her busy brain. "I'll get the boys to pick and clean those beans," she announced with finality. "They can do the work the first thing every morning as long as the beans last. Then all we need to do will be to sterilize the jars, fill them with beans, set them in the washboiler and let them steam three hours while we do up the morning's work."

The tired woman at the butter churn acquiesced readily to this plan. Not only stringbeans, but also early peas, tender beets, sweet corn, and an abundance of raspberry, blackberry, and apricot jam were canned during the morning hours of the following weeks. The shelves in Mrs. Jones's fruit cellar were crowded with jars of good things to eat; they were a joy to behold and a source of great satisfaction to that good

woman who never missed a chance to show off the fine array of fruit and vegetables to visitors, the sight of which emboldened many of the women to go home and try, if possible, to outdo Mrs. Jones's fine display.

By dividing the work and letting the children do their share of it, the two women found they could easily get through by noon. After the dinner dishes were cleared away and the youngsters had departed on some expedition, they would bring their sewing out on the shady front porch and spend the afternoon pleasantly chatting and working. One afternoon, Mrs. Jones's being engaged in the useful thought homely task of patching men's trousers, brought out a huge rag-bag, the contents of which she dumped on the floor while searching for a piece of material.

Mrs. Short interestedly noticed the miscellaneous collection of new and old pieces of cloth, discarded dresses and coats, half worn trousers and frayed shirts. Picking up a woolen skirt of a style long since obsolete but of good material and color, she exclaimed:

"There's enough good pieces in this rag-bag to make a new wardrobe for your children to start school this fall!"

The other woman looked at the speaker and at the contents of the rag-bag incredulously, seeing nothing in the jumbled heap but just rags, rags, rags. Mrs. Short saw and understood the look; she proceeded undaunted:

"This old fashioned skirt, after being ripped, cleaned and pressed, will make a nice school dress for your ten-year-old girl. There is enough good material in these discarded shirts to make numerless nice waists for the boys and a few aprons for the girls. These trousers," she went on enthusiastically, critically examining several seemingly useless pairs, "will make up very nicely into boys' pants; they will be of a better grade of goods than what you pay a big price for in the stores now-days."

Mrs. Jones stood aghast at the prospect before her. "I could never do it!" she ejaculated hopelessly. "I'm no hand at sewing new goods, let alone making over old clothes."

"You have a good sewing machine that you are able to run," Mrs. Short interrupted cheerfully. "You can be my assistant. I've had lots of experience in that line. Between you and me, I couldn't keep my boys looking decent if it were not for my making over things."

Said and done. The two sister-in-laws began their making-over operations that very afternoon. Moving the sewing machine out on the porch, and taking turns at sewing, ripping, cleaning, pressing, cutting, and basting, the

women worked swiftly and harmoniously, turning out with wonderful rapidity a great assortment of useful clothing. The summer days passed only too quickly, for Mrs. Jones, who felt she was not only doing something useful but also was saving money and energy by doing her work systematically and economically. She also gained in weight, her cheeks took on a healthier color; she felt invigorated and happy from being out in the fresh air a good part of each day and would be ready with keen appetite for the meals, she, who had always complained of being a poor eater and used to barely peck at her food.

Sometimes they would eat supper picnic style underneath the big trees in the orchard. Mr. Jones enjoyed these spreads; he would stretch his tall frame luxuriantly on the green grass while munching leisurely the cool salads and delicious sandwiches that had been prepared for these little festivals in the open. "I declare," he was heard to say more than once, "I never had so many good things to eat before in my life! It's just like going to a party. I'd rather stay at home in the shade than go gallivanting along the hot and dusty roads to some holiday picnic."

"Well, I never saw a summer pass so quickly!" commented Mrs. Jones one day looking over the pile of clothes which she and her guest had made. "I don't remember ever doing so much preserving and canning of vegetables, not to mention sewing. Of course, I know I couldn't have accomplished half of this work if it had not been for your suggestions and assistance," she turned gratefully to Mrs. Short who was rocking complacently in the big rocking chair while piecing odds and ends of cloth into quilting blocks. "Do you know, I actually dreaded your coming," she went on apologetically. "Now I wish with all my heart that you could prolong your stay a few more weeks."

The other woman looked up smilingly and appreciatively. "I know the kind of company you expected," she said understandingly. "I have had a little experience myself in that line. The kind of people who come all dressed up to the table for meals, expecting to be waited upon and who spend their leisure hours doing a little fancy work have a very small place in my affections. For my part, I can truly say, I've enjoyed every minute of my stay with you. The children are husky and tanned from their living out in the fresh air; they are well fit to begin their school work again. I go home with a feeling of satisfaction of not having been a burden to you."

Mrs. Jones spoke with deep feeling and real gratitude:

"I have learned many lessons and profited in various ways by your visit. When making plans for your next summer's vacation remember you are welcomed back with open arms to the old farm."

TEMPLE WORK

Ellen Adair.

What of the dead who, passing on,
Live not in Christ, but fall.
Shall not the circle be complete,
No kindred ties at all?
Not so! our Father is so kind
He sent Elijah down
To tell our modern prophet
That the dead might win their crown.

So in His mighty wisdom
He bade men choose a place
Whereon to build a house of God
And there redeem the race!
A precious boon, where wondrous love—
Our dead—in life denied—
Can gain this blessing for mankind
Receive the heritage of truth
And thus be sanctified.

I've heard of gifted singers
Who labor but for fame,
Bedecked in costly jewels
While the world applauds their name.
Give me a robe of white,
No jewels would I wear,
Save redeemed souls of men.
Rich? Aye, beyond compare!

Our Savior on Mount Zion
Permits us share the sacred shrine,
Accepts our humble labors,
All glory shall be thine!
If we but help the weakest soul
To rise and worship thee,
To see and understand the truth
How glorified we'll be.

A Testimony

Elder Peter E. Johnson.

I have prepared the following statement of a remarkable incident in my missionary experience, with the hope that it may increase the faith of my children, and any others who may read it, in the divinity of this great latter day work.

I was called on a mission to the Southern states, in the spring of 1898. I received a letter from the President's office stating that Elders Francis M. Lyman and John W. Taylor would attend the Emery stake conference to be held the latter part of April, 1898, in Castle Dale, Utah, and was asked to appear before them in relation to that mission. I was set apart by Elder Heber J. Grant, of the Council of Twelve, in June, 1898.

Elder Taylor asked me to accept a mission to Colorado. I had no objection; but when questioned by Elder Lyman, he saw my name had been marked for Colorado and he said: "Well, we need missionaries there; perhaps you'd better go." On further questioning he asked me if I had chosen Colorado. I told him I had made no choice. Then he said: "The Lord wants you to go to the Southern states." A companion of mine was loboring as President of the East Kentucky conference, and in our correspondence we had each expressed a desire that I would be assigned to that conference. I received a letter from him asking me to use my silent powers, when being set apart, and he would do the same, to see if we could not persuade President Elias Kimball to send me to Kentucky. After assigning the elders to their various conferences, President Kimball asked if there were any elders not assigned, as he wished one more to be sent to the East Kentucky conference. The thought came to me that my prayers would be answered, as I had not yet received an appointment, and I, of course, thought I would be sent to Kentucky. When I reported that I had no appointment, President Kimball said: "Yes, I have given you yours." Not being able to find on record where the appointment was made, he said: "I expect I will have to send you to Kentucky, but I do not feel good about it. Are there any others who have no assignments?" Another elder stated he had not yet received an assignment, and immediately President Kimball said: "You go to East Kentucky."

This bothered me, because I could see no reason why I

should not go to Kentucky, instead of the other elder; and I did not yield in spirit to the request made. President Kimball then said: "Wait a moment, there is something wrong." Then he reviewed the condition. He turned to the other elder and said: "You are to go to Kentucky!" Still I did not yield, in my mind, to the wisdom of it, and he finally turned to me and said: "Elder Johnson, will you go where the Lord wants you to go?" I saw the condition and said: "Yes, wherever the Lord wishes, I shall go." He said: "Will you feel good about it?" I told him I would, whereupon he said: "The Lord wants you in Mississippi."

I reached Mississippi the 22nd of June, 1898, and on the 8th of August was taken down with the chills and fever, which turned to malaria. I became so low that the President sent his counselor and two elders to see me in relation to being released and sent home. The yellow fever quarantine came on; I was not able to leave; and then I had the following experience:

I was lying on a bed, burning up with the fever, and the elders who had been sent to ascertain my condition were very much alarmed. They stepped out of the room and held whispered consultations. They were so far away that under ordinary conditions I could not have heard what was said; but in some manner my hearing was made so keen that I heard their conversation as well as if they had been at my bedside. They said it was impossible to think of my recovering, and that I never would go home unless I went home in a box. They therefore decided they might just as well notify the President and make necessary arrangements.

The following day I asked to be removed into the hall, where it was cooler. I was lying on a pallet (or bed.) There was an attendant with me; the others having gone to Sunday school, which was being held about one hundred yards away. Soon after they had left I was, apparently, in a dying condition, and my attendant became so fearful of my appearance and condition that he left me. I desired a drink of water but of course was unable to get it myself. I became discouraged, and wondered why it was that I was sent to Mississippi and whether it was simply to die in the field. I felt that I would prefer death, rather than live and endure the fever and the agony through which I was passing. I thought of my people at home and of the conditions then surrounding me, and decided that I might just as well pass from this life. Just as I reached that conclusion this thought came to me: "You will not die unless you choose death." This was a new

thought, and I hesitated to consider the question; then I made the choice that I would rather die. Soon after that, my spirit left the body; just how I cannot tell. But I perceived myself standing some four or five feet in the air, and saw my body lying on the bed. I felt perfectly natural, but as this was a new condition I began to make observations. I turned my head, shrugged my shoulders, felt with my hands, and realized that it was I myself. I also knew that my body was lying, lifeless, on the bed. While I was in a new environment, it did not seem strange, for I realized everything that was going on, and perceived that I was the same in the spirit as I had been in the body. While contemplating this new condition, something attracted my attention, and on turning around I beheld a personage, who said: "You did not know that I was here." I replied: "No, but I see you are. Who are you?" "I am your guardian angel; I have been following you constantly while on earth." I asked: "What will you do now?" He replied: "I am to report your presence, and you will remain here until I return." He informed me, on returning, that we should wait there, as my sister desired to see me, but was busy just at that time. Presently she came. She was glad to see me and asked if I was offended because she kept me waiting. She explained that she was doing some work that she wished to finish.

Just before my eldest sister died she asked me to enter into this agreement: That if she died first, she was to watch over me, protect me from those who might seek my downfall, and that she would be the first to meet me after death. If I happen to die first, she wished me to do the same for her. We made this agreement, and this was the reason that my sister was the first one of my relatives to meet me. After she arrived, my mother and other sisters and friends came to see me, and we discussed various topics, as we would do here on meeting friends. After we had spent some little time in conversation, the guide came to me with a message, that I was wanted by some of the apostles who had lived on the earth in this dispensation. As soon as I came into their presence, I was asked if I desired to remain there. This seemed strange, for it had never occurred to me that we would have any choice there in the spirit world, as to whether we should remain or return to the earth life. I was asked if I felt satisfied with conditions there. I informed them that I was, and had no desire to return to the fever and misery from which I had been suffering while in the body. After some little conversation this question was repeated,

with the same answer. Then I asked: "If I remain, what will I be asked to do?" I was informed that I would preach the Gospel to the spirits there, as I had been preaching it to the people here, and that I would do so under the immediate direction of the Prophet Joseph. This remark brought to my mind a question which has been much discussed here, as to whether or not the Prophet Joseph Smith is now a resurrected being. While I did not ask the question, they read it in my mind, and immediately said: "You wish to know whether the prophet has his body or not?" I replied: "Yes, I would like to know." I was told that the Prophet Joseph Smith has his body, as also his brother Hyrum, and that as soon as I could do more with my body than I could do without it, my body would be resurrected. I was again asked if I still desired to remain. This bothered me considerably, for I had already expressed myself as being satisfied. I then inquired why it was that I was asked so often if I was satisfied and if I desired to remain. I was then informed that my progenitors had made a request that if I chose I might be granted the privilege of returning, to again take up my mortal body, in order that I might gather my father's genealogy and do the necessary work in the temple for my ancestors. As I was still undecided, one of the apostles said: "We will now show you what will take place if you remain here in the spirit world; after which you can decide."

When we returned to the place where my body was lying, I was informed with emphasis that my first duty would be to watch the body until after it had been disposed of, as that was necessary knowledge for me to have in the resurrection. I then saw the elders send a message to President Rich, at Chattanooga, and in due time all preparations were made for the shipment of my body to Utah. One thing seemed peculiar to me, that I was able to read the telegram as it ran along the wires, as easily as I could read the pages of a book. I could see President Rich, when he received the telegram in Chattanooga. He walked the floor, wringing his hands, with the thought in his mind: "How can I send a message to his father?" The message was finally sent, and I could follow it on the wire. I saw the station and the telegraph operator at Price, Utah. I heard the instrument click as the message was received, and saw the operator write out the message and send it by 'phone from Price to Huntington. I also saw clearly the Huntington office and the man who received the message. I could see clearly and distinctly the people on the street. I did not have to hear what

was said, for I was able to read their thoughts from their countenances. The message was delivered to my aunt who went out with others to find my father. In due time he received the message. He did not seem to be overcome by the news, but began to make preparations to meet the body. I then saw my father at the railroad station in Price, waiting for my body to arrive. Apparently, he was unaffected; but when he heard the whistle of the train which was carrying my body, he went behind the depot and cried as if his heart would break. While I had been accompanying the body en route, I was still able to see what was going on at home. The distance, apparently, did not affect my vision. As the train approached the station I went to my father's side, and, seeing his great anguish, I informed my companion that I would return. He expressed his approval of my decision and said he was pleased with the choice I had made.

By some spiritual power, all these things had been shown to me as they would occur if I did not return to the body. Immediately upon making this choice or decision, my companion said: "Good. Your progenitors will be pleased with your decision." I asked the question why, and I was told that it was their desire that I should return to the body, hunt up my father's genealogies and do their work in the temple. In all this time no one had offered to touch me or to shake my hand.

Just how my spirit entered the body I cannot tell, but I saw the apostle place his hands upon the head of my prostrate body, and almost instantly I realized that the change had come and I was again in the body. The first thing that I knew, I felt a warm life-giving spot on the crown of my head, which passed through my entire body, going out to the tips of my fingers and toes. I then heard distinctly the same words that had been pronounced by Elder Grant when I was set apart for my mission: "Go in peace, and return in safety." After entering the body I saw no more of the messengers who had been accompanying me, but I had a vivid recollection of all that had taken place.

The local elder, who had been left to attend me, but who became frightened at my condition and went away, had not yet returned; but I later learned that he had gone to Sunday school and, at the close of the exercises, he notified them of my death.

The Saints, elders and friends were gathered outside the paling, or fence, discussing matters, and trying to decide just what to do. I was still very thirsty, and arose to get a drink, but found that the water was warm. I got off the pallet, or

bed, on which I had been lying, carried the bucket of water to the edge of the gallery, threw out the warm water, went to the well which was seventy-five feet deep, drew a fresh bucket of water and quenched my thirst. The Saints, elders and friends, who were out at the fence, were observing all this, but they feared to come near me. Finally, Brother Morton, at whose home I was stopping, came through the gate, up the walk toward me, but before reaching me he turned icy cold and stopped. I went up to him, took his hand, and invited them all to come in and handle me, telling them that a spirit did not have flesh and bones, as they saw me have. Brother Morton looked at me, felt of me, turned me around, then went and looked at the bed on which I had been lying during my sickness. He then came back and handled me again and said: "I never was so scared in my life, for I thought you were a spirit." I told him that I was not now a spirit, but a real, tangible person. "How could you carry that bucket of water," he said, "throw it out and draw another, when for over a month you have had to be waited upon, and finally we all thought you were dead?" I told him I had been made well, and had come back to stay with them.

This gave me a new idea; for, while in the spirit land, I did not shake hands with anyone, neither did anyone offer to shake hands with me; but now I felt a desire to shake hands with everyone. I thought this over, and the spirit whispered to me: "The spirits of the righteous do not deceive; hence, no shaking of hands." This cleared up that mystery; for the spirits of the righteous do not deceive, although they are as pleased to meet their friends in the spirit world as they are here.

President Thos. R. Condie of the conference was notified of my recovery, and wrote me a letter in which he stated: "Ever since I consented to your release I have had no peace on that matter. Before you came to our conference the Superintendent of the Sunday school of the conference was to be released. We had no one to take his place and so I called a special fast of three days, with the elders, and prayed to the Lord to send someone who could take the place of Elder Dye, who was soon to return home. In answer to our fasting and prayer you were sent to this conference. We became weak in the faith and asked for your release, even after we had fasted and prayed and asked the Lord to send someone here for that purpose. If agreeable, Brother Johnson, while you have been released honorably and can go home, if you choose, we would like very much for you to

remain here and accept the call for which the Lord has sent you into this conference.

The information which came to me, through this experience, cleared up the mystery of why I was to go to the south and to the Mississippi conference.

While I was in the spirit world I observed that the people there were busy, and that they were perfectly organized for the work they were doing. It seemed to me a continuation of the work we are doing here,—something like going from one stake to another. There was nothing there that seemed particularly strange to me; everything being natural.

I have often been asked how long I was in the spirit world. The last I remember of hearing was the singing when Sunday school commenced, and when I got up and drew the water, Sunday school had closed. The local elder did not notify them until just as they were closing. Sunday schools were held one and one-half hours.

Huntington, Utah.

AM I MY HUSBAND'S KEEPER?

Mary Foster Gibbs.

"Do I have to go out to this party, Betty?"

"You certainly do, my dear. It is the open night for our literary club and Mrs. Alden is entertaining the club members and their husbands, with a very few invited guests. I wouldn't fail to be there for anything, nor would I have you absent. The new pianist, Agatha Liston, from Boston, will be our guest of honor, while Professor Elton is going to talk on Wagner, and Miss Liston is to illustrate his talk with selections from his operas. Think of it, my dear! Such a treat! Hurry up, and get ready."

"Am I to have any supper, Betty? And where are the children?"

"Oh, I took the children over to Aunt Jane's. Bobby's cold is no worse, and I could not miss this affair tonight."

"Don't you think it's a little risky to take Bobby out such a night as this, when he is quite croupy already?"

"Oh, Robert, I will give everything up if you are going to begin to preach. You know I work hard and have very few pleasures."

Her husband made no reply and, manlike, forgot to remember that he also worked hard and had very few so-called pleasures. Instead he turned his steps toward the

kitchenette, where he found a little cold supper waiting for him on the kitchen table.

"You know," said his excited wife, as she powdered her nose and followed him, looking-glass in hand, into the kitchenette, "you know, Robert, that we will have nice refreshments. Mrs. Alden always serves delicious 'eats.'"

"Fried froth," mumbled her husband, as he hastily swallowed clammy potatoes and steak, cold and tough with waiting and long frying.

"Hurry, Robert, I don't want to be late. You know I am expected to help Mrs. Alden receive her guests."

"Go to Relief Society today, Betty?"

"How can you ask such a question, Robert, when you know that Bobby was sick, and I had my hands full of work?"

Her husband was struggling violently with an obstinate shirt stud and merely said: "How often do you go to Relief Society, anyway, my dear?"

"Oh, I go when I can."

"Ever miss your regular afternoon club meetings?"

"Certainly not, Robert, how can I? You know we are just beginning with the new literary study, interspersed with lectures on music, and it is a real education to go to club."

"Any literary studies in your Relief Society?"

"Now, Robert, don't begin on that strain. We have thrashed that out over and over. I go to the Relief Society sometimes when they ask me to give a lesson. I am perfectly willing to help when I can."

While fastening his tie, his eyes nearly crossed in their endeavor to glimpse the looking-glass behind his wife's back, he ventured again: "You never go to the Relief Society, do you Betty, unless they want you to go and show off by teaching a lesson?"

"Oh, dear, Robert, I don't see why you talk that way. If you would just go to the Relief Society occasionally you would realize how inadequate such associations are for a woman of intellectual tastes and cultural aspirations."

Betty was, meanwhile, adding a touch of rouge to her pale cheeks and deepening the color of her lips with a darker line of red.

Her husband saw the process out of the tail of his eye, but made no comment thereon. He could but admire the charming picture she made posturing before the glass.

Meanwhile his lovely wife with her dark brown hair, coiffed over her small ears in braids and curls and shining with brilliant hair ornaments, was tucking down her under-

wear preparatory to donning a delicate evening dress which lay upon the bed.

"What's this; what's this, Betty? That neck looks too low to me, and I don't see any sleeves at all on your pretty white arms. They look mighty sweet to me, but you know that isn't the thing for people in this Church."

Swinging round at once before putting the dress on, his wife said sharply: "Robert Wilson, you know just as well as I do that I love my religion, in a way, and I am just as good a woman as you are a man. Don't I go to meetings sometimes and help in your old Relief Society, when I can, and have my children when none of the rest of the women in our set will stand it to be mother to more than one or two at the utmost? Now don't go preaching about my low neck and no sleeves. You just ought to see Elder Jones' daughter, and in fact, all the younger set when they go to parties."

Clothed, then, in his right mind, and his full-dress evening suit, her husband said, seriously: "Well, Betty Wilson, I do see the younger set on the street and I must say I am rather ashamed of the whole lot of girls with their dresses up to their knees and down to their corset tops."

"You needn't be ashamed, Robert, for my conscience don't upbraid me one bit. I don't run you in debt; I don't criticise my neighbors, and I try to make a pleasant home for you and my babies. If I never do anything worse than turn down my undergarments a little I guess the Lord will forgive me. So come along, for we will be late if we don't hurry. Give me a kiss and forget and forgive." Lulled by her warm affection he forgot, as usual, the cause of his concern, and together they left the house.

The brilliant parlors were aglow with lights and the subdued rustle of the arriving guests, when the Wilsons entered the vestibule. Mingling with the crowd were several invited gentlemen, one of whom, Alonzo Vorhees by name, a rich, dissipated young bachelor, came hastily up to greet lovely Betty Wilson. She glimmered and sparkled under his fascinated gaze and felt the enchantment of his admiration, albeit expressed rather boldly by word and look.

Robert Wilson wandered restlessly from room to room. He listened with bored ears to the lecture on Wagner and fell asleep several times, for he was very tired, while the pianist from Boston mangled "The Ride of Valkyries" and pounded restlessly up and down the keys in search of Parsifal's Holy Grail. He must have been asleep in his little sheltered alcove for some time, for when he finally awakened,

he knew from the pleasant confusion in the rooms beyond him that the lecture was over and the cultured guests were congratulating the performers and each other on the very delightful and charming evening which all had enjoyed.

"Hello, Brother Meade," said a voice on the other side of Robert's curtain, "how comes it that a serious-minded Church official like yourself is here in this gay bevy of worldly pleasure-seekers?"

"Oh," answered the other, "I was dragged here by my sister-in-law. I have enjoyed the lecture and the music pretty well, although I have heard better, but I am ecrtainly shocked at the appearance of some of our sisters here tonight."

"Yes," said the first speaker, "I am a little surprised myself. I have been watching Betty Wilson all the evening, flirting outrageously with that stranger Vorhees. Somebody suggested that she was adopting him as an affinity. Where is her husband, I wonder?"

There was a little pause in the speech of the two men and Robert Wilson determined that he would step forward, when he heard the second man say with hesitation and some pain in his voice: "I am disappointed in Robert Wilson. He is a member of our high council and he certainly is gifted in speech and with his pen, as well as being very faithful in attending to the duties assigned him in the Church. I have felt that he was in line for higher trusts, greater responsibilities, but the follies of his wife give his friends considerable occasion for wonder and criticism. If he has no more control in his family than to countenance his wife in her scandalous appearance tonight, painted and powdered and with very little on her body, how can anyone expect him to control a ward or a stake, if such responsibility were placed upon him? Men who cannot stand for right and principle in their own homes will not be able to do much outside of it. Now, you know——"

The speakers moved away and Robert Wilson stood with clenched hands, feeling that life had dealt him the severest blow he might ever receive.

"Come home, Betty," he said finally, reaching his wife and roughly seizing her arm, "come home!"

"What's the matter, Robert? Is Bobby worse? What is it?"

"Maybe so, I don't know. Come home—I say—come, or I shall go without you——"

"Of all the stupid reasons——" But she followed, still

questioning: "What's it all about? Any one would think it was a matter of life and death!"

"It is, Betty, I have just attended my own spiritual funeral, and you have nailed down the coffin. Bobby and I need you at home."

A VICTORY DANCE.

Alfred Noyes.

The cymbals crash,
  And the dancers walk
With long, silk stockings
  And arms of chalk,
Butterfly skirts,
  And white breasts bare,
And shadows of dead men
  Watching 'em there.

Shadows of dead men
  Stand by the wall,
Watching the fun
  Of the Victory Ball.
They do not reproach,
  Because they know,
If they're forgotten,
  It's better so.

Under the dancing
  Feet are the graves.
Dazzle and motley,
  In long, bright waves,
Brushed by the palm fronds,
  Grapple and whirl
Ox-eyed matron
  And slim, white girl.

Fat, wet bodies
  Go waddling by,
Girded with satin,
  Though God knows why;
Gripped by satyrs
  In white and black,
With a fat, wet hand
  On a fat, wet back.

See, there is one child
  Fresh from school,
Learning the ropes
  As the old hands rule.
God, how that dead boy
  Gapes and grins
As the tom-toms bang
  And the shimmy begins!

"What did you think
  We should find," said a shade,
"When the last shot echoed
  And peace was made?"
"Christ," laughed the fleshless
  Jaws of his friend;
"I thought they'd be praying
  For worlds to mend;

"Making earth better,
  Or something silly,
Like whitewashing hell
  Or Picca-dam-dilly.
They've a sense of humor,
  These women of ours,
These exquisite lilies,
  These fresh young flowers!"

"Pish," said a statesman,
  Standing near,
"I'm glad they can busy
  Their thoughts elsewhere!
We mustn't reproach 'em.
  They're young, you see."
"Ah," said the dead men,
  "So were we!"

Victory! Victory!
  On with the dance!
Back to the jungle
  The new beasts' prance!
God, how the dead men
  Grin by the wall,
Watching the fun
  Of the Victory Ball!

Copied from "The Saturday Evening Post."

The Coming of the Sixth

Mrs. Hazel Washburn.

The day had been long and hard, extremely hard. Every moment of it had been filled with the unnumbered tasks that can appertain only to big little families. The little mother looked pale and sick. Her bright eyes and firm set lips told of a rebellion seething within. A rebellion against having had maternity thrust upon her so often that the very springs of her vitality seemed to be dried up and gone.

At last after each little prayer had been said, the last little tousled head tucked away, and the last good-night kiss given, the mother walked into the other room and sank wearily into a chair. A deep sigh of utter weariness was heaved so intensely that the man of the house, who sat dozing contentedly by the fire, was awakened. He stirred and yawned.

"Tired?" he asked casually.

Now the straw that broke the poor, long-suffering camel's back was only an ordinary straw exactly like the millions of other straws that made up his great burden. So it was with this little mother. The one laconic indifferent word snapped the bonds of all self-control and she burst into a paroxysm of weeping, lamenting and protesting, such as to startle even the man whose name she had borne for so many years.

The storm passed at last, leaving her exhausted but not resigned or at peace. Long after the heavy breathing of the man told her that he was asleep, she lay staring wide-eyed into the darkness. Every muscle twitching, every nerve at high tension. Just before dawn sent forth her herald of light, sleep stole sweetly in taking away all her cares and fears.

Suddenly she found herself in an unfamiliar land. She saw rugged and unconquered stretches of sagebrush, scrub pine and cedar. Here and there were small patches of plowed ground. Each spoke of some man's struggle with the elements. As she came nearer a small clearing in the edge of the wild waste of land, she could see a small cabin. Outside a group of little girls played happily. She counted and found that there were four of them. And by some curious unreal way she was aware of a little grave wherein slept a fifth. Not far away a man drove a pair of horses hitched to a plow, turning up the new soil. Within the little cabin

naked simplicity in the furnishings spoke of poverty. The walls were mud-chinked. The floor was nature's own. But everything was tidy and in place.

Near the window a woman sat sewing. Her shoulders were already drooping a little as if the spirit exceeded the strength of the body. Suddenly she straightened, raised her head and smiled. Then the watcher recognized the woman as her own mother. The man working so industriously was her father. And the four little sisters were her childhood playmates.

She seemed to sense the passing of the days, swiftly, consecutively, until the days were fulfilled and her mother's hour had come, who awakened the sleeping father and told her message. Hurriedly he arose, dressed, and then went after the horses. But one of the half-broken mares refused to be caught. The first faint streaks of morning were appearing in the east when she finally was brought in. The man made a hurried visit to the house and then he and the team dashed away to the town for the good old grandmother nurse. At the first farm house he stopped long enough to tell the neighbor of his wife's sickness. Then both hurried away on their important errand.

Of the account of the next few hours not much will be said. Such scenes are too sacred for common recital. But for the watcher no moment of the suffering was obliterated. It needs be that she must realize to the fullest extent the sacrifice that the brave little woman was making that she, the babe, might live.

At length after long hours of suffering the lusty wail of the new-born babe was heard. And then came the good grandmother's exclamation, "I'll declare, Tom, it's another girl, and it's got red hair, too!"

The watcher seemed to note a shade of disappointment sweep, for an instant, over the strong features of her father. For what father's happiness is completed until a son is born to bear his name? But fervently, he said, "Thank the Lord they are both all right."

A look of almost transfigured joy swept over her mother's face as her arm encircled the tiny bundle of helpless babyhood.

Silently and quietly the watcher turned away. A deep reverential love for her mother filled her whole soul.

It was broad day light when the dreamer awoke. The sun was streaming in the window. The other beds were vacant. Sounds coming from the kitchen told her that the

family was at breakfast. At the sound of her first movement the husband appeared in the doorway. A dish towel was thrown over one shoulder and his sleeves were pushed up.

"Better lie still, Mommy," he called. But as he caught sight of her face he stared in astonishment. "Feeling better, sweetheart?"

"It's more than that," she answered bravely, "It's the determination, and I hope the strength, to do my duty and to leave to the Lord the rest."

Her husband's kiss was the benediction.

AN UNKNOWN HEROINE.

We hear much about the power of continued effort and persistent labor, but few of us realize what can be accomplished by one human being when the will to do and the opportunity to accomplish is given.

We are presenting to our readers this month the picture of one of the most retiring and least known heroines in this Church and kingdom. Few, indeed, know her or know of her and yet consider the work accomplished by this little woman, Mrs. Amanda Wessman. She is eighty-two years old and has made the following remarkable history: She was born, April 7, 1848, in Gothenburg, Sweden. She was a friend to all the missionaries, fed them when they were hungry, clothed them in their need, and ministered generously to their support, although very poor herself. She took care of the Church hall for seven years in her native city. She was baptized in February, 1878, but did not reach Utah until October 29, 1893. She is the mother of seven children, twenty-nine grand children, and nine great-grand children. And she has been a Relief Society teacher since 1898.

This, however, is not uncommon history for the women of this people. Yet, when I tell you that this good woman began her temple work in March, 1898, and has been a temple worker in the Salt Lake temple for the last ten years—when I tell you, I say, that she has been baptized for eighty-four thousand six hundred and fifty women, you can guess at the great concourse of people who will meet her on the other side and greet her as their earthly savior and friend. Who

MRS. AMANDA WESSMAN.

among the mighty ones may surpass her in that life to come?

Who will greet thee, heroine of mine,
When thou shalt reach that better shore?
Thy loved ones—yes—my friends and thine,
Ah, yes—but more—ten thousands more.
For, in this span that we call life,
Thou hast thy labor nobly done,
As daughter, sister, mother, wife,
Thy crown of glory long's been won.
Yet not alone, these tender ties within
Will bind thee to thy Master's throne,
But countless souls redeemed from sin
Will bear aloft thy glory as their own.
This veil of flesh not long shall hold thee bound,
For years and time fleet fast away,
The choiring angels wait the welcoming sound,
That thou hast entered into perfect day.

Household Hints

Janette A. Hyde.

During the summer months the crisp table linen seems more acceptable to the fastidious appetite than any other time during the year, and while one may not be able to afford the very expensive linens many of the little dainty breakfast cloths with bright, cheery, designs, worked out by hand, or even the plain hemmed cotton clothes, create an atmosphere of cleanliness and good taste. We also recommend where families are large and mothers are hard pressed for help in the home that the little white dainty paper table cloths and napkins may be used with good taste and judgment during the hot weather.

Tempting dishes from fresh fruits and crisp, ready prepared breakfast foods, melons chilled, scooped out, with little round vegetable cutters served in dainty crystal sherbet glasses decorated with a little sprig of mint or parsley; raspberries, strawberries and cherries chilled and served in individual dishes all are tempting and good for the digestion as well.

We must not overlook the important points of table setting and serving. Things should look well as well as to tempt the taste. Many a good meal is spoiled in serving. The edges of dishes and plates and all receptacles for food should be wiped off thoroughly before being placed upon the table. If the house wife has planned well she will have in her back kitchen garden or under the water tap a bit of mint, parsley, sage, and a few plants of nasturtiums, with these to decorate and season appetizing dishes, for lunch, breakfast or dinner.

Melon Balls.

Take well ripened canteloups or watermelons, use round or heart-shaped cutter, with which to cut into shape, melons well chilled, scoop out in small balls, place in sherbet glasses, serve with sprig of parsley or mint. If desired sweet make

syrup of one cup of boiling water, 1½ cup of sugar, flavor with one tablespoon of lemon juice, chill and serve over melon.

* * * *

Tomato Salad.

An excellent salad for hot weather. Dip into boiling hot water nice firm ripe tomatoes. Peel, scoop out inside, put in refrigerator to chill, take onion, cucumber, shredded lettuce leaves, mix with French dressing, salt and pepper to taste. Fill chilled tomatoes and serve on lettuce leaves with toasted crackers.

* * * *

Green String Bean Salad.

Either use the canned or fresh green beans, cooked in salt water until tender, drain and chill. Add to one quart of beans five small green onions, diced, two sprigs of mint, marinate with French dressing; serve on lettuce leaves with cold graham rolls or white baking powder biscuits.

* * * *

Tuna Fish Salad.

One large size can of Tuna fish, one good sized cucumber, two or three onions diced. Mix with salad fork into the Tuna fish. Marinate with French dressing. Serve with plain bread and butter.

* * * *

Asparagus Tip Salad.

Place on lettuce leaves one-half dozen cooked asparagus tips for each individual, using a strip of green sweet pepper uncooked and one of red pimento. Prepare as individual salad, marinate or cover with mayonaise dressing to which one-half cup full of whipped cream has been added, or use the French dressing, according to taste. Or tomatoes, prepared as above, scooped out and filled with the tips of asparagus served on lettuce leaves with French dressing makes a tempting and appetizing salad for hot weather.

Potato Salad.

Potato salad, which, let me say, is very often spoiled by having the ingredients too thick and dry. Take one quart of new potatoes, boil, peel and chill. Dice and sprinkle sparingly with salt, marinate with a little weak vinegar, about two tablespoons of vinegar and one of oil. Potatoes should be prepared and let stand in this dressing for two hours at least before mixing with other ingredients. Chop four hard-boiled eggs, two good sized onions, one-half can of pimento, two stalks of celery or one-half teaspoon of celery salt, mix all together when ready to use and prepare the following dressing, which thoroughly mix together before serving. Chop very fine a tablespoon of parsley and sprinkle each individual dish and serve on lettuce leaves with hot rolls or plain bread and butter.

* * * *

Boiled Dressing.

Four teaspoons of sugar, one teaspoon mustard, two eggs, well beaten, five teaspoons flour, one-eighth teaspoon salt, one cup weak vinegar or three-quarters cup diluted to make one cup. Mix all dry ingredients, add beaten eggs and vinegar and boil in double boiler until thick. Take off and let cool. When cool mix with enough whipped cream to bring it to the proper consistency for use.

* * * *

French Dressing.

One cup vinegar, level teaspoon salt, three-quarters teaspoon oil, two teaspoons sugar. Shake well. One-eighth paprika, one tablespoon Worchester sauce, two tablespoons ketchup. If desired, or on hand, use two tablespoons mushroom ketchup. All ingredients may be eliminated excepting the vinegar, oil, sugar, salt and paprika, but if you desire something extraordinary in taste and delicious, make according to the receipt.

* * * *

Caution to salad makers! Have everything chilled and fresh if you desire to succeed.

LOGAN RELIEF SOCIETY RECIPES.

Mrs. Smith's Mustard Pickles.

One quart vinegar diluted a little, one-quarter cup sugar, one tablespoon mustard seed, one tablespoon celery seed, five

ounces mustard, one scant tablespoon turmeric. Let six-quart pan of pearl onions and six-quart pan cut green cucumbers stand over night in salt water. Drain and rinse in morning. Boil vinegar and spices and add onions and boil it 15 minutes. Then add a little dust of flour.

* * * *

Mrs. Bell's Graham Bread.

Three sieves of graham flour, four tablespoons sugar, one tablespoon salt, one teaspoon soda. Plenty of fresh yeast. Add water to make a thin dough. Mix with lard on the hands. Put at once in pans. Raise. Bake two hours in receding heat. Use steel cut flour from Blue Stem wheat.

THE GRAIL OF THE FIELDS.

Maud Baggarley.

With heads down-cast the horses stood
Beside the fragrant upturned sod;
In some dim way I knew life good,
Desirable, and beautiful, and felt the peace of God.
And as I dreamed
The brooding spirit of the fields
Unto me spoke—
Submerged, or sleeping, instinct woke—
I looked upon a world illumed:
The sky is blue—that breath of eglantine is sweet—
Yon peach tree's flame is like the morn!
I cried
And gazed in ecstacy—a soul new born.
The sea-gulls from the Great Salt Lake
That wheeled and circled in my wake,
As they were ever wont to do
The whole of every seeding season through;
The joy song of the lark (that thrilled my heart)
Pure, true and clear,
As if an angel winging near
Forgot himself and trilled a note or two
Of a triumphal song
For high omnipotence to hear;
Each common half-seen, half-heard thing
Seemed fraught with a significance divine;
For I had looked upon the grail of the fields —
The old fields, the dreary fields—transfigured and sublime!

James H. Anderson.

The United States now has a population of 105,000,000 souls, according to the census of 1920.

Bubonic plague has appeared in Mexico, and precautions are being taken to keep it out of the United States.

The International Woman's Suffrage Alliance convened in Geneva, Switzerland, on June 6.

Mexico has called elections for August 1 and September 5, after which further troubles are likely to arise.

Mrs. Reed Smoot, wife of Senator Smoot, returned from Washington, D. C., on June 24; her health has improved of late.

Los Angeles, Cal., was the scene of a sharp earthquake on June 20. Only one life was lost, but there was heavy damage to property.

Wool prices in Utah dropped heavily during June, owing to the Federal Reserve Bank system restricting loans on wool.

Famine is increasing in Asia and Europe this season, with a prospect of affecting the United States in 1921.

Turkey refused in June to sign the peace treaty, and fighting was resumed, though on a small scale at present.

Congress changed its mind from deciding, in April, on a recess for the summer, and adjourned on June 5.

President Wilson, on May 27, vetoed the congressional resolution repealing wartime laws, hence the country is still under their operation.

Italy experienced serious revolts among the population the last week in June, with a prospect of vital government changes in the near future.

Ireland had bloody and numerous riots and conflicts in June, with little present prospect of a return to orderly government.

Zionists in Palestine have agreed to establish a Jewish assembly at Jerusalem, and to permit Jews to migrate to the Holy Land at not to exceed 3,000 per month.

Railway employes in the eastern United States made frequent threats during June, of strikes for further increased wages, but only a few of the strikes materialized.

Missionaries from the "Mormon" Church were again admitted freely to the British Isles on June 14, through the efforts of Senator Smoot of Utah.

The Mutual Improvement Associations conferences at Salt Lake City on June 11, 12, and 13, were the most largely attended of any the organizations have held.

Jews in Palestine propose to make a national holiday of April 24, the date when Palestine was formally given over to the British mandate by the entente allies.

A French scentist claims to have discovered that the Bible was written by a woman. She seems to have made a fairly good job in ancient history.

The Northern Baptists, comprising those of that denomination in the United States, withdrew from the inter-church movement in June, owing to its expense.

An Armenian mandate, requested by President Wilson, was refused by Congress in June. It would have required a vast army of American troops to have applied it.

Women pickets at Washington, D. C., so misconducted themselves at the British embassy there, that the United

States had to apologize to Great Britain, in June, for that conduct.

Mexican Indian laborers, to the number of more than 1,000, entered Texas in June, through one of the ports of entry on the Mexican line. The other six or seven ports also admitted many such Indians.

I. Wilkansky and I. Gutnam, of the Jerusalem agricultural and irrigation departments under the Zionists, arrived in Utah on June 21, to study farming conditions here.

Brutal treatment of women, without even the excuse of war, in the parts of Germany occupied by French colored troops, is told of in letters received from there in June, by Utah people.

The primary associations of the Church had a highly commendable miniature representation of the "Mormon" Pioneer route on exhibition in the Bishops' building, Salt Lake City, during the week of June 14.

Francisco Villa, the Mexican revolutionist, and ten of his generals announced on June 24 that they would resist the newly installed government there, as it savored too much of foreign ruling classes.

The Relief Society is entitled to another big credit mark among its many good ones, for instituting, by its action in June, one-year courses in nursing; this will be a great boon to future wives and mothers.

War was raging in Europe during June, from the Mediterranean to the Baltic Sea, including Poland, Russia, Serbia, Italy, Albania, Greece, Turkey, and the British and French forces at Constantinople.

Mrs. E. O. Leatherwood, of Salt Lake City, addressed a large audience at Des Moines, Iowa, on June 16, telling what the Utah Federation of Women's Clubs was doing to calm the prevailing industrial unrest.

A children's festival in the Salt Lake Tabernacle was conducted on May 30, under the management of Joseph H. Lake, in which 6,000 children took part. The subject outlined was the Restoration of the Gospel.

THE OFFICIAL ROUND TABLE

MRS. CLARISSA SMITH WILLIAMS MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN

PROGRAM OF AUXILIARY GROUP CONVENTIONS FOR 1920.

Held in Connection with the Regular Quarterly Conferences.

According to announcement in the May issue of the "Magazine," group conventions of the six auxiliary organizations of the Church will be held in approximately fifty-three stakes during the months of August, September, and October, of 1920. These conventions will be held in connection with the quarterly conferences, and will take the place of the former separate auxiliary conferences in these stakes.

The program for group conventions contemplates that there shall be in attendance, all stake and ward workers of six auxiliary organizations; that presiding authorities and priesthood of stakes and wards, and general public, shall be invited to attend and so participate as to increase their understanding and interest in all auxiliary endeavor; that representatives of each General Board be in attendance to further the interests of their respective organizations.

It is proposed to arrange a program of meetings that will offer practical and definite assistance to each association, such as:

General sessions where subjects of equal interest to all may be presented.

Separate meetings of stake boards.

Departmental meetings where definite and practical help is to be given to ward workers.

This does not mean that the quarterly conference will be supplanted by auxiliary conventions, but it does mean that one of these conferences will be devoted to the consideration

of the duties and purposes of the various auxiliary associations.

The presidency of the stake will have charge, and all necessary official business of the stake receive attention. The stake choir will provide music for all public meetings as usual. Inasmuch as the program of these group conventions contemplates the attendance of all stake and ward workers of six auxiliary organizations, it will be necessary to make special arrangements to accommodate the various groups who must assemble at the same time in various meetings. All presiding authorities and priesthood of stake and wards are invited to attend and so participate as to increase their understanding and interest in all auxiliary endeavor. It is expected that a representative of each General Board will be in attendance to promote the interest of his or her respective organization.

Following are the stakes in which these conventions will be held:

Dates of Conventions.

July 31 and August 1—Taylor, Boise, Curlew, Raft River, Summit, Wayne.
August 7 and 8—Emery, Millard, Alberta, Juab.
August 14 and 15—San Juan, Bannock, Big Horn, Teton, Blaine, Malad.
August 21 and 22—Portneuf, Pocatello, Young, Bear Lake, Burley.
August 28 and 29—Panguitch, Idaho, San Luis.
September 4 and 5—Kanab, Morgan, Lost River, Twin Falls, Oneida.
September 18 and 19—St. George, Uintah, Star Valley, Union, Montpelier.
September 25 and 26—Sevier, Deseret, Dueschne, Carbon, Parowan.
Following the October Conference: Beaver, Tooele, Tintic, St. Johns, Wasatch, Woodruff, Cassia, Snowflake, Maricopa, St. Joseph, Moapa. Roosevelt and Franklin not set.

PROGRAM.

Saturday, 10 a. m.—Regular quarterly conference session.

Saturday, 11 a. m.—Relief Society stake and ward officers. Meeting of Sunday school local superintendencies, secretaries, librarians, and all other Sunday school workers not engaged in other auxiliary organizations at that hour.

M. I. A. stake and ward officers.
Primary Association stake and ward officers.
Religion class stake and ward officers.

Saturday, 2 p. m.—Regular quarterly conference session.

Saturday, 3 p. m.—Relief Society stake board officers.
Sunday school stake board officers.
M. I. A. joint meeting stake and ward officers.
Primary Association stake and ward officers.
Religion class departments with stake and ward officers.

Saturday, 4 p. m.—Joint department meetings of all organizations.
Superintendents and executive departments, secretaries, treasurers, choristers, and organists.

Saturday evening—Social (option) under direction stake presidency and stake social committee.

Sunday, 9-10:30 a. m.—Relief Society stake and ward officers.
Y. M. M. I. A. separate meeting.
Y. L. M. I. A. separate meeting
Primary Association stake and ward officers
Religion class stake and ward officers.
Note: The above departments will meet and dismiss without general assembly.

Sunday, 10:30 a. m.—Regular quarterly conference session.

Sunday, 12:30 p. m.—General session of all Sunday school workers.

Sunday, 2:30 p. m.—Regular quarterly conference session.

PROGRAM OF RELIEF SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Saturday, 11:00 a. m.—Relief Society stake and ward officers.

1. Report, stake president.
2. Brief reports, ward presidents.
3. Officers:
   (a) Selection of officers.
   (b) Duties of officers.

Saturday, 3:00 p. m.—Relief Society stake board officers.

1. Questionaire, to be filled out by General Board visitor (during session.)
2. Miscellaneous topics, General Board member.
3. Round table discussion of stake problems.

Sunday, 9-10:30 a. m.—Relief Society stake and ward officers.

1. Membership campaign.
2. Stake dues.
3. Work and business meeting.
4. Miscellaneous.

THE EVER NEW DOMESTIC COMMANDMENTS.

Mrs. Rozelia M. Watson

Be cheerful. Let duty be a pleasure.

Drive thy business, let not work drive thee.

Keep thyself clean.

The Spirit of the Lord will not dwell in unclean and unholy tabernacles.

Cleanliness is next to godliness.

Observe the word of wisdom. Go early to bed and arise early.

Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom.

"And that thou mayst more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day, for verily this is the day appointed unto you to rest from your labors and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High."

Be meek and prayerful that you enter not into temptation, but have strength to overcome evil.

Set thy spiritual and temporal house in order.

Allow not thy heart to be hardened to the sorrows of thy neighbor.

Love will find a way to serve and what thou givest to others will come back to thee sometime, someway.

Bring thy will in subjection to the will of God that thou mayst be educated for thy future work and thy future home in heaven.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Montpelier Stake.

In the Montpelier stake there are twelve wards, with a total membership of 500, which is a very good showing when we take into consideration the fact that there are only 793 L. D. S. families in the stake. This record is above the average. Two hundred and sixteen members are subscribers to the "Magazine"; thirty-two bodies were prepared for burial; forty-eight visits were made to the wards by the stake officers, which would average four visits to each ward during the year; 390 days were spent with the sick; and 714 special visits were made to the sick.

Juarez Stake.

Mrs. Fanny Harper, president of the Juarez stake, reports that the members of the Relief Society in Mexico are very

energetic and desirous of following out the plans, including lesson work, as outlined in the Relief Society "Magazine." They have one organization composed entirely of native Mexicans, who are studying earnestly the lessons from the "Book of Mormon." Those who have been converted have great faith in the gospel, and do relief work among their own people. The spirit of fear has largely been taken from the L. D. S. colonists, and they feel that a part of their mission in that land is to help the Mexican people. The charity work in this stake is done almost wholly among the natives, and it amounts to a great deal more than is being reported. The members of the Relief Society feed those who are hungry, cloth those in need, and visit the sick. It is believed that the local Mexicans would regret very much to see the "Mormon" people leave this country. Among the Latter-day Saints there are no rich and no poor. The majority of the people are comfortable and do not lack for the necessities of life. Mexican labor is very cheap and the "Mormon" colonists have a good part of their time for spirituality and the care of their families. They are planning to do genealogical and temple work. The people go about their work having no fear, and trusting in the Lord for protection. If a band of invaders comes and takes all they can find, the colonists still discover enough provisions left to tide them over until another harvest, and so they trust and hope on.

Panguitch Stake.

Mrs. Rhoana Hatch Henri celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday on May 19, 1920. It is very interesting to know that Mrs. Henri, as well as our own dear president, witnessed the historic scene in the Church, when the mantle of the Prophet Joseph Smith rested on President Brigham Young at Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1844, just after the martyrdom. The Panguitch stake people are very proud that Sister Henri has been permitted to live among them, and to bear her testimony to this wonderful event.

Rigby Stake.

The Rigby Second ward, with Sister Elizabeth Ossmen, president, and Elizabeth Campbell and Serena Mason, counsellors, held a community quilting on May 10, 1920. Nine quilts were quilted and bound during the day. There were in attendance one hundred eleven, twenty-four more than the enrollment. The day was a real love feast for the sisters, and for the strangers who came, many visitors declaring that the regular meeting would find them enrolling with the

association. Refreshments were served at the close of the work. The quilt materials were all donated by the ward members, and the quilts are to be sold to establish a general treasury, as this is a new ward, organized only last February. Thirteen quilts in all have been made by the association since its organization.

Wayne Stake.

Mrs. Pauline Brown. who has served faithfully for a number of years as secretary of the Wayne stake, has resigned on account of poor health, and on December 27, 1919, Mrs. Emily A. Blackburn was appointed to take her place. Mrs. Sarah G. Meeks, who was president of the Thurber Relief Society for thirty-nine years, where she served faithfully and well, has also resigned on account of poor health.

Curlew Stake.

There are ten organizations in the Curlew stake, all of which are taking up the lessons identically as outlined in the "Magazine." At the beginning of the year, the stake officers and board members sent a letter of greeting and special instructions to each ward president, expressing appreciation for the splendid work done during the year, and giving some detailed instruction with regard to the work for the year. In 1919, this stake made an excursion to the temple, doing work for two hundred six souls. It is the plan this year to make a similar excursion which it is felt will be larger than that of last year. Board meetings are held regularly every two weeks, and once a month in connection with the stake priesthood meeting, a stake and local officers' meeting is held. The Relief Society women in this stake have the privilege of visiting the wards in company with the stake presidency and high councilmen, which they greatly appreciate. The ward teachers are furnished with outlined topics for their monthly visits. At the work and business meeting, all kinds of sewing and remodeling are done, and special instructions in cutting and fitting are given by experienced dressmakers.

The "Millennial Star."

In the "Millennial Star," dated May 13, 1920, there appears a comprehensive editorial on the Relief Society. A sketch was given of the meetings of the April conference, including a summary of the Relief Society annual report for 1919. The comment was made that figures, however precise and great, are but a small part of the beautiful work

of the Relief Society. The devotion of general, stake, and local officers was commented upon, and the Relief Society was eulogized for the work which has been done along human welfare lines from the beginning.

Samoan Mission.

The following very interesting report has been received from Elder John Q. Adams, president of the Samoan mission, giving a description of some phases of Relief Society work in the South Sea Islands:

We, of the remote Southern Seas, are interested in Relief Society activities as a very essential phase of our work among the islanders. We have a conference president over each island, which corresponds to a stake in Zion, and also one over each branch of sisters, to effect an organization, which, in turn, is similar to a ward at home. The other officers are also appointed, with the exception of a board, the missionaries assuming that responsibility in the various units with Sister Thurza Adams, wife of the mission president, in charge of the entire mission. Practically the same activities are engaged in, including a definite and continuous course of study, the collection of the regular relief funds to be used under circumstances similar to those governing at home, assistance in sickness or death; in fact, the Samoan sisters are carrying on the ideals and spirit of their division of the gospel responsibilities as closely as local enviroments will permit.

For a glimpse of some unusual features of the work here, it might prove interesting and profitable to you in Zion to mentally accompany a group of our sisters on one of their recent journeys of several weeks duration around the Island of Tutuila. This bit of South Sea Eden is but an irregular mountain of approximately five by twenty miles, around whose coast line a fringe of plumy cocoanut trees extends. At frequent intervals native villages of tawny, thatched homes peep from the shade, their fronts edging the ocean and at their back doors, towering, abrupt, volcanic heights, all covered with a blanketing, tropical wilderness of green. At every turn there is a confronting scene of rare beauty and charm.

Not long since, a proselyting party of about twenty-five left our school village of Mapusaga to tour the island in its entirety in the direct interests of Relief Society work. The conference presidency of three native sisters of middle age, Elders Hale and Peterson, and the balance boys and girls from the school, made up the force of trampers, for no

other mode of travel is possible, if all the villages are to be reached.

The method of procedure is for the whole party to enter a village and rest in some large native house until arrangements can be effected for the evening's entertainment. In the meanwhile, the chiefs drop in, extend island courtesy in the form of a passed drink of the kava plant, accompanied with respectful welcoming speeches of high class language. Incidentally, permission is granted for the exercises later on at night. The balance of the day is required in visiting the houses for gospel conversations and in preparing for the program.

As the appointed hour approaches the crowd assembles, mostly half clad, and all expectancy, for the "Mormons" are accredited with usually having something worthy of presentation. A native house is open on all sides like a pavillion, so in or out becomes an easy and simple act. No occasion for worry need result from the lack of benches or chairs, as a few mats spread on the pebble floor serves the purpose equally well.

In order to obtain the benefit of the program, the audience is obliged to listen to an hour of gospel as a preliminary, in which the elders and especially the sisters, emphasize principles and truths, and point out the great gap filled by the Relief Society in providing for better homes, brighter children, alleviation of human suffering, and general advancement. In fifteen of the villages recently visited, all outsiders, thirteen such meetings were attended by crowded houses and it is the testimony of all our party that never was the Spirit of the Lord in greater abundance than upon each occasion. The listeners were attentive and in every other way, too, were we received with respect and courtesy. In the one matter of food alone was this apparent. A dozen whole-roasted pigs, kegs of salt meat, dozens of cans of salmon, and beef, piles of bread, and an abundance of native food of all descriptions, were heaped up before us for use as required.

At times, a touching spectacle was presented by the oldest sister, especially, who acts as conference president. Sister Fiauu Kenison has been to America, speaks good English, and is an exceptionally talented member of the Church. She is far past the expected age of such heavy exertion as a three weeks' tramp in the rain, over rocks, through mud and in a tropical sun, yet she entered joyfully into it, and through her splendid enthusiasm, made of the various occasions spiritual feasts. At times, on some very

difficult part of the trail as it ascended a steep mountain side, it became necessary to draw her up with a rope! In the face of this, she plodded along singing and cheering her companions.

Mention should be made of the fact that, immediately succeeding the religious service each evening, there followed a program rendered in English of songs, speeches, dialogues, etc., presented by our school children. The direct effect of such a method is to generally draw some to the school.

In one village, after the usual amount of food had been brought in, a purse was made up and presented by the chiefs (all outsiders, please remember), but it was refused on the grounds that we are not in the service of the Lord for wages, which unprecedented act greatly astonished them.

At another village, the inhabitants manifested such a friendly spirit as to offer to convey the party in the village boats to the next stopping point. This was not accepted as the journey was then practically at an end.

All told, the joy of those participating in the tour and the results in developing friendly relations with those formerly hating us, were both remarkable, and the outsiders of the island now are in possession of considerable knowledge concerning the work of the sisters of the Church.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Who Pays the Price?

We sometimes fancy that people are abusing us, that the Church is unjust in its demands upon our time, and that we are altogether to be pitied. In that condition of mind we are very apt to be irritable with our families, to suspect our friends of treachery and to criticise the Church authorities unmercifully. Who pays the price of our wrong-doing and our evil speaking, do you know?

Our boys fall into the habit of smoking a little, swearing a little, and gambling a little. In our endeavor to keep them close to us, we are sometimes apt to palliate the sin in an endeavor to please and encourage the sinner. We hear our husbands and sons fall into revilement and bitter criticism of Church authorities for "this, that or the other" and, in our thoughtlessness or indifference, follow suite and join in the hue and cry against each other in politics and business, and in Church affairs. Who pays the price of our own broken covenants and that of our husbands and sons; do you know; do you ever think about it?

Our girls flatly refuse to be married in the temple as they will thereby be deprived of going about practically naked in the streets and ball rooms of our increasingly wicked cities and towns. We sympathise with the girls and think it is a shame to rob them of so-called good times, and fail to make

them understand that, if they go to the temple, the favor is all on their side and not upon that of the Lord or his servants who work there. If, by coaxing and coercion, we can persuade our sons and daughters to be married in the temple, we quietly wink at their failure to live up to their covenants, and smile at their evil practices, while we blame some sharp-tongued person who may have stated the law a little too frankly and a little too plainly to suit the lax morals of modern girlhood and womanhood. Who pays the price for our own actions and for the growing depravity of our young people; do you know; have you ever thought about it? Just stop a moment and take stock of your own attitude on the question of right and wrong. You will soon learn who pays the price.

A VISITOR FROM ACROSS THE SEA.

Among the members attending the annual meeting of the National Education Association in Salt Lake City from July 3-10, was Miss Annie Burrett, L.L.A., a teacher from London, England.

She did not come from London direct, but by way of Toronto, where she has been teaching since October, 1919. At the end of September, 1920, she is due back at her work in a London school.

At the beginning of 1914, an Exchange of Teachers between Canada and the old country was proposed by a body of people whose motto was, "hands across the sea." The London County Council agreed to this scheme by which ten of their staff, including our recent overseas visitor, were selected to exchange with teachers in various parts of Canada. The number was subsequently increased to thirteen.

Owing to the outbreak of the Great War, the Exchange was not carried out in its entirety; but the scheme was merely postponed, not abandoned. Shortly after the signing of the armistice, Sir Robert Blair, education officer to the London County Council, informed Miss Burrett that it might be possible to obtain educational experience in Canada under the auspices of the League of Empire. In due course, the matter was arranged, the London Education Committee granting a year's leave of absence, and the Toronto Board of Education undertaking to give temporary employment in one of their schools.

During the present year, the League of Empire has been arranging a regular yearly exchange of teachers between the

mother country and the overseas dominions. Dr. Hardy, of Toronto, has accepted the office of secretary for Canada, and there is every prospect of a successful development, now that such details as recognition of certificates, appointments, and salaries have been mutually agreed upon.

The League of Empire aims at further strengthening the intangible, but nevertheless strong, bond of union which the war proved to exist between the scattered parts of the British empire. The Exchange of Teachers is not the least important of the means by which the peoples under the British flag are to be brought into closer contact with one another. Personal intercourse fosters deeper friendship, and promotes good understanding. Mutual interchange of ideas enables communities, as well as individuals, to obtain a clearer vision of the other's point of view, and when inevitable differences of opinion arise, difficulties will be met in a friendly and tolerant spirit.

The Exchange of Teachers is so far confined within the limits of the empire, but there is no reason why it should not be extended. Any plan which will enable the British and American nations to come into closer friendly contact must be for the good of the world.

Miss Burrett came to our editorial office with a letter of introduction from the famous educator and author of Canada, Dr. James L. Hughes. That Miss Burrett herself is broad-minded, brilliant, yet exceedingly conservative, charmingly simple in her manner and appeal, made the happy task of introducing her to our leading women both a delight and a recreation—a real re-creation. We admire her point of view, which is exceedingly cosmopolitan, and therefore not insular, yet also exceedingly English in application of the best traditions and inheritances of our beloved mother country. We hope she takes with her as pleasant an impression of this people and this city as remains behind her, like an aroma of sweet remembrance.

Miss Burrett's personal experience during her year's work and play on this side of the Atlantic has convinced her that the extension of the Exchange of Teachers scheme would be beneficial, both to the education authorities and their employees who enjoy the advantage of a year abroad.

Adopting Dr. Hardy's suggestion, she wrote to Dr. Crabtree, secretary of the N. E. A., regarding membership of the association, receiving a warm invitation to attend the N. E. A. from Washington, D. C., she came with another famous Canadian woman, Mrs. Gross. She writes: "I will never regret taking the long journey across the continent to Salt Lake

City. My visit has been made exceptionally and unexpectedly interesting by my good fortune in having the opportunity of meeting some of the best known people of the 'Mormon' community. This was made possible by Dr. James L. Hughes, of Toronto, who, having enjoyed acquaintance with some of the 'Mormon' leaders years ago, was anxious that others should have a similar privilege. He gave me a letter of introduction to the editor of the Woman's Relief Society 'Magazine.'

"In far away England very little is generally known about the present day 'Mormon' religion. It was therefore a pleasant and helpful educational experience for an Englishwoman to spend a whole morning at the Bishop's building, in the company of the women officials there found. It was a revelation to hear of the highly organized relief work, and to get an insight into the efficient organization for making the children and young girls feel that they have a real and definite place in the Church.

"To a trained teacher, the exhibition of children's work on the top floor gave evidence of very efficient work on the part of their instructors.

"At midday I was taken to see Mrs. Wells in her room at the Hotel Utah. She was temporarily indisposed, but in spite of this, told with marvelous clearness of the story of her early years when, as a young married woman, she crossed the wide territory from east to west in the wake of the pioneers, as long ago as 1848.

"It was, indeed, unfortunate that she, a duly qualified certificated teacher, with experience in New England and in the first 'Mormon' school in Salt Lake City, should have been unable to satisfy her earnest desire to meet the educators of the present generation, assembled in such numbers in the rotunda below.

"After a morning well spent in learning something of the work carried on in the various offices in the busy hive opposite the temple, I had the privilege of visiting the log cabin home of Dr. and Mrs. Widtsoe on the mountains at the head of Big Cottonwood canyon. As president of the University of Utah, Dr. Widtsoe was naturally in close touch with the leaders of the N. E. A., and busy attending the various sessions, and his kindness in sparing time to take a party in his car on that beautiful mountain road in the cool of the evening, was very much appreciated.

"I shall take away with me happy memories of the beauty of Salt Lake Valley, and of the kindness of all the

good folks I met during my all too brief visit to Salt Lake City."

Honors for General Board Members.

The General Board of the Relief Society, and "Mormon" women in general, have been greatly honored this summer in the appointment of two of its members to high honors and responsibility. Mrs. Janette A. Hyde was supremely recognized, and the General Board was honored in that recognition, in the recent Republican convention in Chicago; while Mrs. Ida Smoot Dusenberry will journey across the seas to represent this society in the quinnquennial session of the National and International Council of Women to be held at Christiania, Norway, in September.

Mrs. Ida Smoot Dusenberry, who goes to represent the women of the Relief Society and who was appointed by President Emmeline B. Wells as her proxy, is herself of Norwegian extraction. Her mother was born in Norway and Mrs. Dusenberry will therefore find very much of personal interest in her visit to her mother's native country. The meeting in Christiania will consider public health service, educational advancement, citizenship, juvenile courts, better films, etc., etc., in their relation to international, as well as national, needs. Mrs. Dusenberry is especially qualified to assist in these deliberations on all questions of educational interest and modern social service methods. Her excellent reasoning power, her quick perceptions and her trained intellect will add force to her oratory, while the truths she will be able to present will inform her remarks and inspire her utterances. She goes with the congratulations of the General Board and the blessings and good wishes of the members of this society. Her only daughter, Margaret, who is an accomplished musician, will accompany her mother on this trip.

Mrs. Janette A. Hyde, the business manager of our "Magazine" and a prominent and popular member of the conservation work, done during the war, and now carried forward in the Civic Center, has been singularly honored in a national way. She was appointed by the national Republican committee, under Chairman Will H. Hays, on January 4, 1920, to act as a member of the national council of one hundred. On January 14, she was invited by the National Republican Committee to represent the Utah Republican women in a regional conference, held at Denver, January 14, 1920. Such a favorable impression was made that she was again invited to speak in Denver at the Lincoln Club, February 9, 1920.

She was elected as a delegate at large in our state convention, held May 3, 1920, and was chosen as the first full delegate, of her sex, from Utah, to attend the national convention in Chicago in May. Later she was appointed as one of the assistant secretaries of the national convention and sat upon the platform with the general officers of the convention. She has been appointed as an executive national committee woman for Utah, through both the presidential Republican nominee, Governor Harding, and National Chairman Will Hays. An even greater honor was shown in placing her upon the executive committee of the committee of the whole. On July 1, she received a telegram appointing her on the notification committee to go to Marion, Ohio, the home town of Governor Harding, to formally notify him of his national appointment, July 22, 1920. While in the Chicago convention she was asked to speak at the Philadelphia Club, at the Blackstone Hotel, as the guest of the Woman's Cycle and Saddle Club. She was the guest of honor at the Arts Club in the Arts Building while at Chicago. Prior to these appointments she served as state chairman of the women of Utah for several years.

The following extract from the conservative Democratic paper, the "New York Sun," proves the impression made by Mrs. Hyde and her associates in the Republican convention:

"To those who have watched the evolution of women in public life without prejudice the excellent impression made on all observers by the women at the Republican convention does not come as a surprise. There were some members of that convention, however, who have not been unprejudiced, and the tributes the women won from them are worth recording.

"A most interesting event occurred in the private committee meeting held of all of the women delegates to the convention, on arriving in Chicago, presided over by Mary Garret Hays. Advanced measures were proposed and resolutions brought forward during this meeting. Suddenly Mrs. Hyde was made the subject of an attack by Mrs. Emma Bush, in connection with the resolution brought forward by this delegate denouncing "Mormonism," Senator Smoot, etc., etc., and calling for an order in the convention which would prevent any "Mormon" from taking part therein. Miss Hay at once called upon Mrs. Hyde to answer this charge, expressing her own admiration at the same time for "Mormon" women and for Mrs. Hyde in particular. Instantly the delegate from Michigan was on her feet and sharply asked Mrs. Hyde a

question: "Do you believe in polygamy?" she said. "Yes, I most certainly do," replied Mrs. Hyde. There was a hubbub followed which Miss Hay again quieted. Mrs. Bush repeated her question and Mrs. Hyde repeated her reply, frankly and without reservations except the explanation that the principle is not practiced today nor has been since the issuance of the manifesto, in 1893. Mrs. Hyde countered by explaining that she supposed the gathering was a political one and not a religious one and that she did not feel called upon to inquire if any of the women believed in the signs and crosses of the Catholic faith, nor Christian Science, nor any other religion, but left every woman to worship as she pleased, feeling that a common ground for all good will be found in the principles of freedom upon which this government was founded. Mrs. Hyde's independent and frank reply won the instant admiration of all members present and she was showered with social attentions all the time she was in Chicago.

"Mrs. Hyde is an intimate friend of Senator Smoot and wife and loyally devoted to the cause of Republicanism which she so ably represents."

Utah women, indeed "Mormon" women, have also been greatly honored in the appointment of Mrs. Elizabeth H. Hayward, a year and a half ago, to act as National Democratic committee women from Utah. Mrs. Hayward has long been locally famous as a suffrage leader, legislator, and publicist. She was at the San Francisco convention with our well known professor, Alice Reynolds, and both were shown great attention and courtesy. Miss Reynolds made two seconding speeches from the floor of the convention. Indeed, both parties, now and always in Utah, have been just and liberal in their treatment of women, both as individuals and as a sex. We congratulate our famous representatives and ourselves in these recent developments.

Guide Lesson Suggestions

Minutes of Genealogical Convention

Relief Society Genealogical Convention held April 7, 1920, in Church Office Building. Singing, "Come Let Us Anew," prayer by Sister Kimball of the St. Joseph's stake; singing, "High on the Mountain Top." Address of welcome was made by Counsellor Clarissa S. Williams, of the General Board, who repeated the remaining verses of the last hymn which

was left unsung. "My friends," she continued, "I didn't know I was on the program, as the committee failed to notify me, but the words I have read will furnish enough of a subject. We have met to talk about the work for the dead. It seems as if my mission in the Relief Society is to attend to the living, but I am interested in the word for the dead. Sister Gates gives me the honor of suggesting that each woman in the Relief Society should do the work for one individual each year. On this Annual day, the Salt Lake stakes united in giving a benefit to the members of the General Board. I think there were twenty-three members of the General Board present, and the other two were away. We each had the privilege of getting out ten names. Two hundred and eleven people were worked for on March 16, last. I had the honor of having fifty on my own list done, as several of the board gave me the privilege offered them. We prized it as one of the greatest gifts you could have given us. We appreciate your presence here this morning, and I pray that the sisters will be inspired with a love for this work."

Sister Emma J. Walkley, of Liberty stake, spoke on the subject, "How to arrange and carry forward successfully a temple benefit for a stake board, or for some special purpose." She reported that every Friday afternoon Liberty stake takes one hundred thirty-five people to the temple. The eleven wards of our stake each have the privilege of furnishing twenty-five names. In speaking about the arrangements for a benefit I would say: The first thing to do is to go to the temple in a body and to be sure and maintain order. If it is for a benefit, the preparatory lists are important and should be closely scanned before handed in, the leaders should get there in time to examine them carefully and, if necessary, make corrections before going on. Sometimes we also write out the names of the dead on the little cards, thus helping to prevent crowding; and then one of us goes and checks up with the recorder. We also try to get the men to accompany us. We had one hundred eighteen men and one hundred seventy sisters the last time we went. Of course, some had to wait for next session.

I was told that when the Salt Lake Genealogical class gave a testimonial recently for the General Board, that the result was one of the most beautiful companies that was ever seen in the temple. It was so orderly and the clothes were so beautiful and white. We had the lists sent in a few days before we went. Our lists were gone over by a committee. We had a reception committee to show the people where to go to take off wraps, etc. Some had not been to the temple

since they were married. Each stake kept separate lists and all were called up in their order. Another important thing is our mental attitude. The sacred feeling we should have when we go in those beautiful halls. When we go for others it is just as necessary to maintain the proper attitude as when we go for ourselves. Let the people understand it is no visiting place. We have been very successful in teaching our stakes in genealogy. We endeavor to create a desire in the people to search for their own individual record, and if you could only hear them express their feelings! One of the brethren had not been to the temple for a number of years. We induced him to make the start and he bore testimony that he had continued going ever since and had no desire to stop.

Sister Roberts, of Lehi, Alpine stake, said: "Temple excursions in our stake began in June, 1914. We organized by appointing a stake leader with aids in the wards. We had four hundred seventy-five go the first time, two hundred seventy-five the next time, and after that we were told to limit it to two hundred fifty. We sold a number of temple record books, and then we decided to have an excursion once in three months. Our Genealogical Society has a stake representative but the Relief Society has taken full charge of everything. We sent 2,200 baptisms to Manti with our donation of $75. We have redeemed 3,500 in the Salt Lake temple and our donations range from $50 to $100. We have been highly complimented for our preparation and order in the temple. Our organization consists of three districts with a district chairman over these districts; the ward committee secure and prepare the names of those going on the excursion. We only have a committee of one from the ward. This one makes two lists, one for charity and one for individual lists; she hands the list to the district chairman and then collects the donation, so each ward knows how much is donated by the ward; then the ward chairman hands this to the district chairman and it is handed to the temple clerk in bulk, and saves much time and confusion. Preparation means half of it. We have had no rates on the railroad this last two years, but they give us a special train. We are now doing much of our traveling in autos. The people do not wait to be asked, but they are given the opportunity through our announcements to report to the chairman even two months before the excursion. We have no trouble getting our company of two hundred to which we are limited. When one district does not make up their number, we let another district fill in. The railroad doesn't allow a rebate. The chief recorder, Bishop

Christensen, furnishes us the blanks and tags ahead of time and this saves work for the recorders, and we can keep much better order. The district chairman compiles the records. When we have a man and wife who wishes to do so we try and attend to sealings. We address to all persons an envelope with name and information inclosed and when they come to the temple, all they have to do is to give their recommend and the recorders check up from the list. We know our own people and group them together to attend to their sealings. The charity names are gathered from poor and old people; names for friends and neighbors are all handed to our committee and the names of the proxy is written as well as the name of the dead. We try to find those who are willing to hire work done to help our poor people to go and then we get the money and hire widows to do that work, thus enabling them to help pay their way. We try to induce young couples to buy a record book and start it right. We entertained the temple workers and presiding authorities a year ago and they enjoyed it and we appreciated their company.

"Preparing lesson for use," by Vincy R. Barker, of Weber stake, illustrated by charts. The speaker said: "In 1910-11, Sister Lynch, who was sent to us by Sister Susa Young Gates, came up and gave us some lessons. At first we did not have a definite aim, but we adopted the idea that we were to save souls. Then we applied the plan to ourselves. It is within our plan each month to read a paper, and to seek by prayer for inspiration; adapt the work to the capacity of the workers and then lead them on step by step. The aim should be definitely fixed; and let all unite till the objective is reached. We have solved some of our difficulties with the genealogical representatives and Relief Society workers. Now we are co-operating with the brethren. Whatever is given by us must first be presented to our stake presidency; we submit our plans to them before we launch them at all. The priesthood handles the excursions and, of course, we are willing to co-operate with them. In 1915, we got 1,291 families to give us their family records for a stake record. We had a special purpose in view and now we are ready to start going into the homes again. We have over eight hundred families yet to get. We aim to do the work of the direct lines first and have all the sealings done, and then do the side lines after.

"Genealogy in Missions" was treated by Sister Donette S. Kessler. "Rules and lessons taught here at home have to be adapted to the locality in which you are working. They are interested in the subject of genealogy in the missions

and the thought of having the records made should receive attention, and be written down. We teach the Saints abroad that our personal knowledge of dates are put down and then ask them to get as much as they can get while their relatives are living; then write letters and take care of them because they are sacred. In the east, the Saints are near the great libraries and they should get such information as they can. In New York we spent a day with the sisters showing them how to go to work. After the information is received we told them to put it in proper shape. When work is to be taken up, first write to the Genealogical Library and find who is working on that line, so as to avoid duplication.

Sister Elizabeth McCune felt sure that Sister Williams and the members of the General Board were pleased with the great work the Relief Society are doing. This crowd shows the interest the sisters, and the people generally, are taking in genealogy. Sister Gates feels that her life was spared for this genealogical work. In contrast to this crowded room, my thought turned to the first meeting we held in the Lion House, in 1905. Sister Gates, myself and my father (Brother Claridge), were the only ones there. And my father said he felt like giving us both a blessing for he was a patriarch, and he did give us a wonderful blessing. Speaking of Sister Williams' suggestion for an annual day in the temple, that went through me like electricity. That was given to her by our heavenly Father; that was inspiration. If the sisters would all follow that, the temples could not hold them. It is one of the greatest means of filling our temples. The spirit of Elijah is poured out upon the people. If you live a long ways from the temple, get a membership in the society and have them get your names and send money to pay for this work. I remember when this work was first given to the Relief Society. We want to honor the priesthood. We are willing to do the work and give others the credit, if they want it. We don't care. May we each do our work faithfully and well, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Singing, "Doxology."

Benediction, Sister Morrison.

Cecilia S. Barker, Secretary.

Amusements in Pioneer Days

(From the "Millennial Star," 1852)

Speech of His Excellency Brigham Young, Governor of Utah. Delivered at the legislative festival, held in the territorial house, Great Salt Lake City, March 4.

With joy and delight I look upon you, brethren and sisters, I feel to render all praise, thanks, and adoration to our Father and God, that my heart is capable of rendering; and with all the affections, together with all the talent bestowed upon me, I feel to serve, praise, adore, and acknowledge the Lord our God.

Let our minds sing for joy, and let life diffuse itself into every avenue of the body; for the object of our meeting is for its exercise, for its good.

This party was gotten up by the members of the legislature, to rest their minds, to convene in a social capacity, and enjoy the society of each other, with their families, and to give renewed activity and energy, which will invigorate and strengthen them in the discharge of the arduous duties devolving upon them.

With regard to these feelings prevailing in our midst this evening, as well as the correctness of these principles, every man and woman must be their own judge.

Our present situation, and the enjoyments of this evening, will become subjects of pleasant and agreeable reflection, when we shall be separated from one another. Some of these, my brethren, may be absent in foreign lands; our sisters may be separated from this community, and go to the right, and to the left; then these moments of festive joy will be remembered with pleasing emotions, and cherished in fond memory in after years.

Again, when we meet in this capacity, it is good for our minds to be refreshed on this wise a little, for the reason, as you are all aware, that we are naturally forgetful; and it is according to the fralties of human nature to decline and falter in our feelings at the varied, besetting, enticing, and almost overwhelming temptations that are abroad in the world, and with which the people, especially those of the household of faith, have to contend. Our former life, its anxieties, and enjoyments are apt to be forgotten.

This is our experience; if we should suffer ourselves to spend our time, day after day, and week after week, as we are today, how long would it be before we would forget the Lord? It would not be long; if we continued in the exercis-

ing of the body without reflection, this company would soon think it is no matter about praying, or asking the Lord about anything. We have enjoyed ourselves heretofore, and all has been peace, quietness, and good order; but how long would it remain so? How long would it be before we would become careless, if we remembered not the Lord? For this reason I say on every such occasion, it is right, reasonable, and necessary, that every heart be directed to the Lord. When we have sufficient recreation for our good, let that suffice. It is all right; then let our minds labor instead of our bodies; and in all our exercises of body and mind, it is good to remember the Lord. If it cannot be so, but otherwise, I do not wish to see another party while I live. If I could not enjoy the Spirit of the Lord in this capacity with you this evening, and feel the power of God to rest upon me, I should cease from all such indulgence. From this time, never let us permit ourselves to go one step beyond that which the Lord will own and bless.

But I pause here, and for this reason: I want it distinctly understood, that fiddling and dancing are no part of our worship. The question may be asked ,what is it for, then? I answer, that the body may keep pace with the mind. My mind labors like a man logging all the time; and this is the reason why I am fond of these pastimes; they give me a privilege to throw everything off, to shake myself, that my body may exercise and my mind rest. What for? To get strength, and be renewed, and quickened, and enlivened, and animated, so that my mind may not wear out. Experience tells us that the most of the inhabitants of the earth wear out their bodies without wearing their minds at all, through the sufferings they endure from hard labor, with distress, poverty, and want. While on the other hand, a great portion of mankind wear out their bodies without laboring, only in anxiety. But when men are brought to labor entirely in the field of intelligence, there are few minds to be found possessing strength enough to bear all things; and the mind becomes overcharged, and when this is the case, it begins to wear upon the body, which will sink for want of the proper exercise. This is the reason why I believe in, and practice what I do. The question might be asked, Why not go into the canyons, and get out wood, which would be good exercise enough? If you would know, come up to my house, you will soon find out. Were I to go to the canyons, the whole camp in Israel would follow me there; and they would not be there long before they would say, "Come, Brother Brigham, I will chop this wood." How many

scores of times I have undertaken to work, since I came into this ministry; scores and hundreds of times, when my calling in the kingdom of God was less than it is now, have I endeavored to set myself to work, but seldom could have a chance to do so more than five minutes; some one would come along, "Give me the hoe, Brother Brigham; I want to talk with you," and so stop me; and no sooner stops me than he stops also. I have given it up; I do not intend to work any more at manual labor. I do not wrestle, or play ball; all the exercise I do get is to dance a little; while my counsel room is from my office to this room, and from this room to my house again, into my sitting room, dining room, etc.

You will see the time, you will know what my labor is. I wish this community to consider that I have feelings of a very acute nature. There is not a man or a woman, Saint or sinner, it mattereth not, that feels injured, and lays their complaints before me, but what it rests upon my feelings; but my faith is unyielding, and I intend to keep it so, as much as I can; my feelings sympathize so with the injured, that I am grieved, and distressed, and my head aches, and large drops of cold sweat sit upon my brow; no man or woman knows anything about my feelings, and I do not want them to know, for I calculate to kick off all from my heels that I cannot carry. I will carry all I should; but there is not a person in this community that can bring to mind or mention the time when I ever exhibited one particle of sorrow or trouble to them. I calculate to carry sorrows just as long as I live upon this earth; and when I go to the grave, I expect them all to go there, and sleep in eternal silence.

May God grant that the blessings, favors, mercies, and kindness of our Father in heaven, may bring us to a sense of the obligation we owe to him, and cheer us, and cause joy and tranquility to reign in this community, that every heart may be bound up in the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, without having to feel the rod again. What is the use of it, when mercy and kindness are lavished upon the people of God, to see them falter in their faith; to see them grow cold towards the Lord their God; to see them slacken their pace,—is it not grievous? Just look at it. Suppose you had all the good gifts to bestow upon your children that heart could wish, and you lavish them out; but the more you give, the more slothful they become; how would you feel? Just apply this to yourselves; I know how I should feel. When I bring my mind to bear upon this subject, and see what the Lord has done for me, and for this people, and think that I should

become remis in my duty, so that the Lord should have need to chasten me again, it seems, on the first reflection, that I ought to be damned. When I look at myself before the Lord, and see what he has called me to, and what he has called my brethren and sisters to; how he has bestowed blessings upon us, and heaped them up until there is not room to receive them, and I should want to go to the gold mines, and return again here to speculate upon the Saints, and should be guilty of complaining all the time, it seems, if I were to do this, the Lord would damn me.

I know you feel as I do upon this subject. When you take this into consideration, your serious reflections having place in your heart, you feel as I do: for heaven's sake, for your own sakes, and for the sake of Him who died for us, never let us falter in our duty. While we live, it is our duty to love the Lord with all our strength, and with all our souls. This is our duty first and foremost; we ought to love Him better than our wives, children, brethren, and sisters, and all things besides. Is this our duty? Verily, yes. Let the heart love God, and serve Him, without any division of feeling; never suffer it to wander to the right, or to the left, for one moment.

If these were the feelings of this people, the Lord would lift up our hands, exalt our hearts, and cause us to walk in his almighty strength; so that the devil and his imps would never have power to bring another affliction upon us; never, no, never. Therefore, love the Lord; keep his commandments; cleave to the God of Israel; this is my exhortation all the time. And what is the next duty? Love your neighbor as yourself; do unto others as you would that others should do unto you; cease your contention, and bad feelings, your evil speaking, and evil doing.

As I observed here not long since, I consider it is a disgrace to the community, and in the eyes of the Lord, and of angels, and in the eyes of the prophets and revelators, that have ever lived upon the earth, when a community will descend to the low, degraded state of contention with each other; this little bickering, jarring, fault-finding, somebody's abused me. Why do you not say, If you have a mind to abuse, abuse away! Suppose every heart should say, If my neighbor does wrong to me, I will not complain; the Lord will take care of him. Let every heart be firm, and every one say, I will never contend any more with a man for property; I will not be cruel to my fellow creature; but I will do all the good I can, and as little evil as possible. Now, where would be the wrong of taking this course? This is the way

to approximate toward a celestial state. A community cannot be produced upon all the face of the earth that presents a celestial aspect like this. If we continue to be faithful and prayerful, and strive continually to resist every evil, we shall approximate more and more towards that celestial kingdom, where there is an eternal inheritance, and an unsullied glory. And if we should look back upon ourselves, when we were doing evil to each other, should we not do so with regret and shame—should we not look upon our past mortal lives with anguish and disgust? I wish men would look upon that eternity which is before them. In the great morning of the resurrection, with what grief would they look upon their little trifling affairs of this probation; you would say, Oh! do not mention it, for it is a source of mortification to me to think that I ever should be guilty of doing wrong, or of neglecting to do good to my fellow men, even if they have abused me! Oh! how would it appear if you understood the heart of the Lord, and understood the heart and faithfulness of those in the celestial kingdom. As good as we are, we shall not want to look upon our past actions; we shall say, Oh! do not mention it, but let it sleep; I never want that to be resurrected, but let it die in the grave, and sleep an eternal sleep. Brethren and sisters, I hope and pray our evils may never rise with us. I can say to you with all my heart, and with all my soul, and not only to this company, but to all the Saints throughout the world, May the heavens bless you; the Lord Almighty blesses you; my soul blesses you; how my soul loves you; may angels bless you, guard, and preserve you, and may all the heavenly hosts arrayed in all their panoply of power be engaged for your exaltation.

If we cultivate the principle of unshaken confidence in one another, our joy will be full. What does it prove? It proves that we are fast advancing, and approximating towards that degree of light, knowledge and glory, and all the principles that pertain to the everlasting gospel, and that we are actually in the favor of the Lord. We need not bring any proofs of that, for devils never kick and cuff their own, that's certain. As I used to say fifteen years ago, when I was out preaching, and the people would get alarmed, when the devil would get mad, they would say to me, "Oh, dear sir, what is the matter? I am afraid we are all going to be killed, for all hell is boiling over." My answer was, "Thank God, the devil has not forsaken us yet." Will he not sustain his own kingdom? When you see all the powers of the evil one combined against a community, you may know that is Christ's kingdom. Everything has proved that this is God's kingdom, and I need not say nothing more about these two powers.

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3	Cotton, gauze weight, bleached.	2.75	109	Merino wool, heavy wt.	5.50
75	Cotton, medium weight, bleached	3.00	65	Mercerized, light weight bleached	5.75
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